ALAN SHENKEA COLLECTION



"Totally Righteous" Lower East Side Cartoonist Dies

Patrick Rosenkranz | January 25, 2013



Alan Shenker gave up a good job at the Post Office to join the underground press in the late 1960s. When he quit his steady civil service position as a letter carrier he knew he had to make his new career work. He learned the craft of cartooning on the job, by hook and by crook, like many of his contemporaries. He had no formal art training but before he knew it, he was art directing several publications.

"Everyone got experience with underground papers, which was great," he said. You didn't have to be professional. You were able to learn the trade as you did it."

He produced illustrations and comics for the East Village Other,

Gothic Blimp Works, The Rat, Kiss, and the New York Ace. He also produced pages for several underground comix, including Douglas Comix, Illuminations, Insect Fear, and the paperback collection Swift Premium Comics.

It was a free for all subterranean publishing heyday during the 1960s and 1970s but like all good things the counterculture press eventually met the end of the era around the same time the Vietnam War was done. Yossarian also blamed the demise of the East Village Other on mismanagement.

"It just kept getting worse and worse. It went from weekly to whenever. It lost typesetting. It just got to the point where the staff walked out and started their own paper and that folded EVO. There were always shit heads running EVO. It was always mishandled."

However, the sexually oriented tabloids that debuted about the same time survived and even thrived through the next decades, and Yossarian found work as an art director at Screw magazine. That's where he met his long time friend Maryann, who got a job at Screw as a receptionist when she was a 19-year-old punk rocker.

He remained a well-known character in the Lower East Side, said Maryann, and he easily crossed the generation line. "He stayed in contact with a lot of old friends and made many new friends with the younger people who moved in." He managed to accumulate vast collections of pop culture items over the years, including signed baseballs and icons from the 1940s. "He was a wonderful man who was a good friend to me. He will sorely be missed. He was probably the most decent person I have ever met."

The characters he developed in his strips included The Funny Nazis, Nancy Kotex, and Miracle Milton, among others. His subject matter was rude and crude, and often done in deploringly bad taste, which made it a perfect fit for the taboo-busting underground press. Yossarian had a fetish for bald women and self published several issues of The Razor's Edge, which featured women shaving their heads. He was seldom satisfied with the quality of his work, and he didn't draw much after the underground went under.

He was visiting his friend Spain Rodriguez in California when the Cartoon Workers of America was formed and he drew a logo for the group showing America being stabbed in the heartland. He said he enjoyed the camaraderie of the comix boom in San Francisco, but preferred New York, where he lived in the same rent controlled apartment in the Lower East Side

until his death.

His friends described his lifestyle as a "flaneur" or a "downtown habitué." "He did what all New Yorkers do," said Maryann. "He complained about everything. He sat around drinking coffee at cafes. He talked to everyone. He was totally righteous and he never sold out."

His old friend Rex Weiner, who co-founded the New York Ace with "Honest Bob" Singer, relates an anecdote about his old friend in an obituary in The Paris Review. He describes how the East Village Other was on its last legs in 1972 and the Ace was the new kid in town. Yossarian drew a cover for the new paper showing a meat cleaver chopping an eyeball in half.

"With this cover he'd created especially for us, Yossarian was declaring his allegiance to the ACE, betraying EVO, to which he'd contributed many cover illustrations, and its paternal leader," said Weiner in the obit. "EVO's logo was the all-seeing eye, and for our cover Yossarian had placed an eyeball on a chopping block split by a butcher knife, as if to say, "EVO … You're DEAD!"

Yossarian was sweet and shy, said Weiner and as a good Jewish boy, he was conflicted about his art. "He had a fetish for bald women you know, but he was out front about it. There was a nice militancy about his cartoon work. He believed that cartoonists should be organized and independent and he was proud of being part of that underground movement."

Weiner last saw his old friend in spring 2012 when The New York Times and NYU hosted an event at the Arthur L. Carter Journalism Institute, called "Blowing Minds: The East Village Other, the Rise of Underground Comix and the Alternative Press, 1965-1972." For several weeks, a series of articles by former staffers chronicled the deep background of the infamous underground newspaper. It had been years since he had seen many of his former comrades from that tumultuous time, and it was great to see them all again, he said, including Yo.

I met Yossarian in December 1972 when we arranged to do an interview at his downtown apartment. He used the pen name Yossarian for several reasons, he told me. "Basically my parents didn't want me to use the family name. Plus if you choose a name, you have a lot more leeway. People start to accept you the way you want to be, rather than some name that your parents chose twenty years earlier and forced on you. Plus it's nice to be semi-anonymous. I can go into a certain situation as Shenker and get better

feedback on my work, because they don't know I was the one who had done the work.

He gave me all nine issues of the New York Ace as well as a file folder full of clippings that Tuli Kupferberg, one of the founders of folk/rock/satire band The Fugs had left behind and didn't want anymore. There were tear sheets from many underground papers outside of New York as well, including obscure ones like The Great Speckled Bird from Atlanta, the Austin Rag, Detroit's Fifth Estate, and the New Left News. I still have them.

I got to his place in the afternoon but it was dark by the time we finished talking. I was apprehensive about walking back to the subway station by myself with a bag full of camera gear so he generously offered to escort me. The streets looked scary to me but he was comfortable in his surroundings. We stopped by the Peace Eye Bookstore to take a few photographs. That was the last time I saw him.

On the Facebook page recently opened for Alan Shenker his sister Diane posted this suggestion:

"Those of you who need to do something in honor of his memory will probably come up with an appropriate idea on your own, but if you need one---think trees. He loved them and the creatures living in them. So plant a tree (he especially loved the underrated Rose of Sharon) or contact the Arbor Day people."

Diane Shenker
Luddite sister

Ironically, his most recent published work, which he actually drew forty years ago, appeared in the resurrected anthology Someday Funnies, called "An Affair of the Heart."

Remembering Yossarian, ‘Original Hipster and Legendary Cartoonist’

By LYNDA CRAWFORD



Collection of Coca Crystal

Underground cartoonist Yossarian (a.k.a. Alan Shenker, Captain Stanley, Mr. Buddy) died on Jan. 14 at Beth Israel Hospital. He had a rare cardio-pulmonary condition known as pulmonary arterial hypertension (PAH). “Only about 900 cases of PAH are diagnosed in the US each year,” he had told me. “So the pharmaceutical company, specialty pharmacy, and pulmonary clinic all treat you as a big fish that they’ve caught and don’t intend to let go. This means they are highly motivated to keep you going, but it’s an all encompassing program that feels sometimes like joining Scientology.”

A few years ago a PAH sufferer had only about a 15 percent chance of survival for five years, and it amused Yossarian that the drug they used then was Sildenafil—Viagra. “It was PAH patients taking sildenafil having erections that caused Viagra to be prescribed for erectile dysfunction.”

Yossarian was switched to a new drug, Tracleer, which raised the survival rate to 64 percent. But it too had side effects. Although it was keeping him alive, it also made him feel awful most of the time. His head was constantly swimming from the drug’s effects. When he got a pacemaker last summer, he had to stop taking Tracleer and things seemed to go downhill from there.

He wasn’t complaining, though. “Too many people we knew didn’t get to

live in my state of disrepair," he wrote in an e-mail.

Yossarian lived on St. Marks Place for the last 35 years, and before that on Second Street, between B and C, for several years. An audacious and sharp-witted cartoonist for the East Village Other (EVO), New York Ace, Screw and many other underground papers in the late '60s and '70s, he had stopped drawing several years ago—but he was writing. He wrote a piece last year about One-Legged Terry for The Local in honor of the East Village Other (EVO) exhibit at NYU.



Maryann Gatto Sasaki

I first met Yossarian at the EVO office on West 12th Street around 1970. I had made friends with two of his amigos, Ray Schultz and Dean Latimer, and they brought me into EVO as a writer. I was a little intimidated by Yo: so intelligent and funny and perceptive, so revolutionary, looking like images of Che Guevara (without the beret) in his green Army pants and jacket.

I remember when a bunch of us went to an apartment on First Street and First Avenue – belonging to a friend of Yossarian's I believe – and we listened to Dylan's newly released "Blonde on Blonde." There was little conversation as we sat there for a couple of hours listening seriously—the way we used to listen to music.

Throughout the early '70s, he'd often stop by the apartment I shared with his good friend Ray Schultz to schmooze, showing up with food (Big Macs when they first appeared) and refreshments. Then, after a long absence, we ran into each other on the street in the mid-1980s and made a date for him to visit. This time he brought along a stuffed animal—Alf—for my daughter.

After another gap of too many years, I visited his office last year. He looked the same except his beard was grayer and a little longer. His assessment of me: "I

would still recognize you."

We talked of "the remnants of his life," as he called it. He went to his office four days a week and visited his sister on Long Island on weekends. As for the future, he didn't know how long he could continue to climb the four flights to his apartment because of his illness. He wasn't drawing anymore, but he was writing, and he seemed quite excited by that.

As we had lunch at the Tick Tock Diner, I mentioned I was vegetarian. "But you'd never be a fascist about it, right?" he said.

We talked about a friend who had died, the artist Diana Bryan. He said he took that news hard and told me they had gone together briefly. I never knew that. He was very private about his personal life.

Yossarian would quickly reveal his take on any given situation and find the humor in it, if it existed. He was also genuinely interested in what was going on with you—as long as you hadn't done something to piss him off. He had no kindness or forgiveness for those who had. But in the end that fell away too. He let go of old grievances. "I'm not interested in shunning anyone anymore," he recently told his close friend Coca Crystal.

Yo never sold out his principles. Like Joseph Heller's Yossarian, I'd never expect to see him making a deal with the powers-that-be that would make them look acceptable. He stayed the outsider. As his friend A.J. Weberman said on hearing of his death, "This guy was an honest, talented, trusted revolutionary artist. I knew him well. He stood up against the government for many years."

Even his foray into publishing, The Razor's Edge (a magazine dedicated to women with shaved heads), could be seen as a strike against the whole beauty industry establishment; the image of these women was liberating, punk, radical—and for me it also resonated as a screw-you! to the Nazis and a gift to women fighting cancer. And as Mr. Buddy, the name he gave himself as he cut the hair of so many of us (not extreme cuts, by the way), he was looking at haircutting with an artist's eye. His many identities were not as incongruous as they seemed.

I always thought of him as a loner. What I didn't know, what his death uncovered, was how many stops he was making along the way, how many friends and loved ones he had, how full and even happy his life was.

Here are some remembrances.

P. J. O'Rourke

I was very sad to hear that Yossarian died. He was a kind and generous friend,

though it must be going on 40 years since I last saw him. Yossarian and I lived in the same crappy tenement on East Second Street between Avenues B and C ("Firebase Baker" and "Firebase Charlie" we called them) in 1972, during the worst of New York's crime wave. The crime was mostly muggings by heroin addicts, and Yossarian was the only sane person in the neighborhood brave enough to go outside between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. when the junkies needed their fix the most. (After 2 a.m. they were too sick to be angerous.) Yossarian carried a cap gun to brandish at muggers. One night a junkie tried to hold him up at knife-point. Except the knife was one of those long, dull, springy cheap bread knives.

Yossarian yelled, "I'm going to shoot you!"

The junkie yelled "I'm going to stab you!"

But, of course, Yossarian couldn't do anything because it wasn't a real gun. And when the junkie attacked, the bread knife bent double and went "sprong" against Yossarian's peacoat. Yossarian kept yelling, "I'm going to shoot you!" and waving the cap gun around, and the junkie kept yelling "I'm going to stab you!" and going "sprong" with the bread knife, and this went on for about ten minutes until they both gave up and went home. Yossarian was also the person who said, "Anyone who thinks heroin is bad for the health hasn't seen a 98-pound junkie carry an air conditioner down three flights of fire escape."

P. J. O'Rourke is a journalist and author who now lives in rural New Hampshire.

Maryann Gatto Sasaki

I met Yossarian when I followed him home from the 14th Street offices of Screw magazine sometime in 1977. Recently back from a trip to Jamaica with my Drugstore Cowboy first husband, I was hired by Screw as their "mulatto" receptionist. I was an Italian-American girl with a tan.

Initially, I think we just walked home together because we both lived on St. Marks Place, but for some reason I just followed him home every day there after that. I was 19 and he was an impossibly old 32- or 33-year-old. I was trouble, and he knew it, and more than once he tried to shoo me away. But I persisted. The Brooklyn gloss had not quite rubbed off and I think he represented the artist's life that I wanted to lead. My first husband and I hung with Yossarian. It was the '70s, so there was much doing and music, but as Yossarian said, quoting Dylan, he was my magazine husband that just had to go, and by the time I was 20 or 21 — and with the dawning of the punk era — I had dropped the husband and found CBGBs.

The relationship between hippies (Yossarian) and punks (me) was interesting in the late 1970s. It was a peaceful co-existence in which the hippies

were like our older brothers and sisters. There was a lot of crossover since we had much in common — sex, drugs and rock 'n roll. Soon after leaving my husband, I was canned from Screw and found myself living on Avenue B among the heroin and the bombed-out buildings. I have to say: I loved it. Money was short and my electricity was turned off. Yossarian turned up and paid the bill. We started going out, and he basically taught me how to be a human being.

Some things he gave me: Bob Dylan, "Brideshead Revisited," Dashiell Hammett, plenty of pot, diamond earrings and a very short haircut. In fact, he transformed me from a chubby brunette to a slinky blonde. I spent a lot of time hanging with the "old folks" — the 35-year-old hippies — and trying to set up young punk-rock artist types with them, neither of whom were interested in each other. Yossarian and I though, happily, shared many interests. I had a displaced childhood and was not exactly in sync with my generation anyway.

But at that age, in the '70s, in the Village, with my slinky new body, the very last thing I wanted was a boyfriend who would not let me run around town. So the relationship lasted only about eight months, but we remained friends. Lots of things happened. He got screwed by Screw. He stayed in publishing for a while. I married and ended up improbably at Harvard Law School (something in which he took an avuncular pride). We periodically ate pierogi at one of the ever-diminishing Ukrainian restaurants in the East Village. (We'd seen Meryl Streep during "Sophie's Choice" eating pierogi at Leshko's. We thought that was hilarious, and Yo did a devilish Mittel-European accent—kind of imitating Streep practicing her Polish accent by ordering pierogi and kielbasa.) We griped about the neighborhood and the shit-heels that were taking over the city. I always told him he had a lawyer for life because he helped me at my most vulnerable. And I watched him do the same over and over for a whole host of people throughout the years. We spoke when Spain Rodriguez died and e-mailed at the beginning of the year planning to have lunch. It was an enduring and honest relationship.

Yossarian always said after he met me, he never felt young again. As for me, even at 55, Yossarian always made me feel young. He called me Junior and sometimes Sprout and my world was infinitely safer with him in it.

Maryann Sasaki practices law in New York City. She has created a Facebook page in memory of Yossarian @ Yossarian and encourages friends, family and colleagues to share photos, artwork and memories.

Steven Heller

Most vivid for me is the time when we were sharing space together in Screw's old 17th Street and University Place office that we called the Asylum Press. We each

had a separate office. You might recall that he smoked a lot of grass. And in his office he kept every paper match that he used to light his joint. Not only that, he'd line the matches up in precise rows on all available surfaces. It was like a conceptual art piece. Obsessively beautiful. You may also recall he was a Dylan fanatic. He often would pepper one-legged Terry with questions about "Beautiful Bob," and even go out on field trips with A.J. Weberman to Dylan's home. Well, put these two things together — dope and Dylan — and you have an explosive situation.

When "Self Portrait" was released, Yossarian immediately bought the LP, ran back to the office, put it on the record player, lit up and began to listen. I could hear it from my adjoining office. Sounded weird. A lot of crooning. Not the old Bob that Yossarian loved so much. Next thing I hear is CRASH, BANG, BOOM. What the hell . . . ? I ran next door to find Yossarian throwing his furniture around the room — the matches flying everywhere.

He hated the album. I'd seen him upset before, but this was crazy. Not scary for some reason, but he was crazed. After a couple of hours, he calmed down, began picking up the furniture and swept up as many of the matches as possible. He put the record back on the player, sat down, lit up a joint and began listening again.

That's a fan for you.

He was one of my "best" friends at the time. I always felt remorse that after I left the scene, I basically never saw or talked to him again.

Steven Heller is co-chair of the School of Visual Arts MFA Design; Designer as Author + Entrepreneur Program.

Trina Robbins

My biggest memory of Yossarian is when he got busted at the airport, returning to New York from San Francisco in 1970. (In 1970, in a lemming-like migration, all the New York underground cartoonists came to San Francisco. Some of us stayed, others went back to New York.) He had hidden pot in, I think, a tin tooth-powder container! Since nobody else had any money, I went his bail — $200 to the bail bondsman, if I recall. No, he didn't have to go to jail, and yes, he paid me back. A very sweet guy, I am so sorry he's gone. And I really hate the feelings of mortality this gives me. Some poet wrote:

Great Caesar's bust is on the shelf.

And I don't feel so good myself.

Trina Robbins started drawing comics for EVO in 1966, the beginning of her so-called illustrious career; today she writes books and graphic novels from her moldering 107-year-old San Francisco house, where she lives with her cartoonist partner, Steve Leialoha, two cats, and numerous dust bunnies.

Coca Crystal

I am thinking about the Roulette Records party that took place on a boat in the summer of 1970. We (the paper) were invited. I RSVP'd and asked how many people we could get into the party. They said as many as we wanted, so I said 10! When we got there, they would not let us in. Yo was so pissed off he called in a bomb threat. I have kept it a secret all these years. Now it can be told. Charlie Frick and Jackie Friedrich were there with our group and I have a photo of us (or most of us) around a table when we finally got on board.

I lost my East Village apartment in 1970 and the only place I could find (that I could afford) was a walk-up on the fourth floor on East 53rd Street. It was, at the time, less than $100 per month. Yo would often come up, and sometimes I would be late, and one time I found a note that started . . ."waiting for Coca to Crystalize." He was clever like that.

He was violently allergic to cats and dogs and, since moving to the country, I had both, and it made our getting together more difficult, but not impossible. On one occasion he drove up to Kingston, New York, and took a hotel room for two nights so we could spend some time together.

He was very concerned when I was diagnosed with cancer and visited me in the hospital and called frequently to see how I was doing. (By the way, I am doing fine.) On my frequent trips into NYC for follow-ups at Sloan-Kettering, I would drive right into Herald Square during rush hour to pick him up and then we'd drive down to Chinatown for a meal with friends at our favorite place, Wo Hop. One time the traffic was so bad that I had to do an illegal U-turn on Houston Street. I was almost in tears, but Yo got me through it. He had a calming way about him. I thought that somehow, some day, we might grow old together. I always knew, above all else, that he loved me.

Coca Crystal is a former EVO staffer—writer, secretary, gatekeeper, cable TV star and adoptive mom to her multiply handicapped nephew Gustave Che.

Jackie Friedrich

In July 2010 I came across the Facebook page of one Alan Shenker with a funny, indecipherable profile picture. I sent a message asking if he was the Shenker from

EVO. He was and thus recommenced a beautiful friendship.

I was immediately reminded that Shenker also called himself Yossarian or Yo. And I learned that he had adopted yet another identity (alias, if you will): Cap'n Stan. At EVO most of us had multiple names. Jackie Diamond was Coca Crystal. Jaakov, our fearless leader, was called the Arab (pron. A Rab.) And Shenker dubbed me Roxy Bijou.

Memories flooded back: rock concerts in open fields, Electric LadyLand, and mostly of afternoons and evenings spent schmoozing around Jaakov's desk, particularly on paste-up nights.

Now, we writers were not needed on paste-up nights. We'd completed our jobs. But we stayed. All night. When the office was above the Fillmore East, we went downstairs to Ratner's, then back upstairs, and at some point, wandered home.

When the office moved to 12th between University and Fifth, I no longer had a New York apartment. I'd given that up with the idea that I'd join one of Wavy Gravy's bus "communes." Then Jaakov asked me to cover the Panther 21 trial and the rest is history. Well, Jackie/Roxy history. And on paste-up nights I'd curl up on a desk and fall asleep, reassured by the low hum of conversation coming from the lay-out guys—Shenker, Steve Kohn, Fred Mogubgub and others, including, if memory serves, Roger Tomlinson.

Like everyone at EVO, Roger had his own particular brand of weirdness. When asked if he was going to have a Christmas tree, he gazed into the mid-distance, made a sweeping gesture with his hand, and said he was going to have twelve. A forest. That idea appealed to me. I was less than amused when he illustrated my extremely serious Panther 21 coverage one week with comic animal figures and I loudly complained to Jaakov. Shenker was the only member of the art team to be similarly outraged, though I also had the support of writers Ray Schultz and Dean Latimer.

In the course of catching up, Shenker told me about the "bald woman fetish." I was both fascinated and repulsed and asked him to explain. He sent me a very long e-mail explaining how he got involved, a beautifully revealing historical document, a faithful recording of aspects of our society at a particular period of time.

I also find that it reveals essential aspects of Shenker: the sentences illustrate his commitment to truth in his art: "getting it right, from the draping of cloth to the way in which hair grows on the human skull." If you watch the YouTube clips you'll also see essential aspects of Shenker —his innate gentleness and modesty. So self-effacing and tender in contrast to the preening shavees, his humanity elevates this bizarre fetish into a quest.

One of the last e-mails I got from Shenker revealed another aspect: his Jewish boy from the Bronx sense of humor. One which I, a Jewish girl from Brooklyn and New Jersey, share. I think it came on December 1. I had heard that Spain Rodriguez, who predated me at EVO but about whom I'd heard many stories, had died. I asked Shenker about it and asked if they were friends. Yes, he said, and it's a great loss.

When I got Maryann's e-mail on January 16th saying that Yossarian had died I couldn't believe it. I thought she had mistaken Shenker for Spain. Then I began to realize that she was right and I felt that loss deeply. I also felt robbed. I had been planning to come to New York sometime this year after a much-too-long absence and Shenker was on the top of my list of people to see. I'm only glad we were able to reconnect.

RIP Al Shenker, Yossarian, Cap'n Stan. You did honor to all those identities.

Jackie Friedrich is a former EVO writer who covered the Panther 21 trial—which prompted her to go law school—and the author of several award-winning books on wine, including "The Wines of France: The Essential Guide for Savvy Shoppers" and "A Wine & Food Guide to the Loire," as well as the newsletter The Wine Humanist.

Claudia Dreifus

Al, and I thought of him as "Al," not as "Yossarian," just seemed like one of those quiet nice people who worked hard in the background to make EVO the splendid thing of beauty that it was. He wasn't a grandstander; just an unassuming artist who seemed thrilled to be working.

One had the sense that he was a refugee from the suburbs and from the conventional life that had been set out for him. The thing that was always so amazing about his work was that this quiet persona disappeared into the world he made on paper. His stuff was so vivid and alive; you'd see his drawings and you knew in an instant that he was special.

Unlike some of the other EVO artists—Steve Heller and Art Spiegelman—I didn't run into him as life went on. When I saw the piece he did for last year's EVO reunion on Bob Dylan and One Legged Terry, I was blown away; Yossarian was a brilliant writer too! I mean, he absolutely understood and transmitted everything there was to know about what was really going on.

At the NYU event, he came up and said hello and then he sent me this very sweet note the next day. A few words about context: in my talk I had said I was sort of an odd figure in the EVO world—kind of Margaret Dumont among the

Marx Brothers.

Subject: Sorry I missed you.

Claudia,

I'm sorry I missed you at the EVO event. I wanted to tell you that I've been reading your TIMES Science page interviews for years with enjoyment. Lest you think it strange, I was part of a cadre of American high school students who was put on a fast path to a science career after the Russians launched Sputnik. I studied electronics at a college level for three years in high school, at the cost of any art training during those years. Stop comparing yourself to Margaret Dumont. I remember you as the sexy blonde who's head wasn't screwed onto her neck a couple of turns too many. We, however were the Marx Brothers.

Regards, Yossarian

Claudia Dreifus is a writer for the Science section of the New York Times, a professor of International Affairs and Media at Columbia University and the co-author with Andrew Hacker, of "Higher Education?"

Joe Kane

"To live outside the law you must be honest."
—Bob Dylan, "Absolutely Sweet Marie"

Like his adopted mentor Bob Dylan, Yossarian was a man of many identities: Alan Shenker, teenage techno nerd and later Air Force dropout; Yossarian, original hipster and legendary cartoonist; Yahudi, longtime Screw magazine fumetti caption writer; crusty old Captain Stanley, independent publisher of The Razor's Edge; Mr. Buddy (hairstyling hobbyist!); and simply Yo, generous bud, twisted wit and, in later years especially, everyone's fave funny Zen Jewish uncle (he'd even take you out to the ballgame — Mets only).

A Yossarian fan well before I met the man, I had long enjoyed his oft-outrageous, politically incorrect underground comix (e.g., the lighter side of Helen Keller) in The East Village Other and other venues. One of the first mag pieces I ever placed, a cultural analysis of old-school syndicated comic strips, ran as a cover story in New Times circa 1970. In a thrilling stroke of luck for me, it was none other than Yossarian who created a classic cover image of Ernie Bushmiller's Nancy executing a defiant power salute. When I chanced to run into him soon after, little did I suspect that happenstance would lead to a cherished friendship of 40+ years' duration. I'm glad it did.

You could always count on Yo when you needed a favor or friend. When I

was down and burned out in the late '70s, Yo helped land me a much-needed gig as a Screw editor. He was serving as the tabloid's art director at the time and over the next couple of years we wore a deep groove into the hallway connecting Art and Editorial via multiple daily visits in a bid to keep each other sane, or at least entertained, in that crazy environment. He always arrived equipped with a quip or two, delivered in a warm, droll rumble that belied the incisive precision of his oft-subversive remarks.

After we received our separate Screw reprieves, we continued to travel down parallel paths. One of my fave activities was hanging around his place of business in the garment center (though schmattes were not his game), sharing laughs and refreshments while his busy VCR whirred away in the background and his colorful clientele trooped through. When I relocated from the city to the Jersey Shore in the '90s, Yo was a frequent visitor for barbeques (where he usually took charge), boardwalk hikes and home-video marathons (Kubrick, Coppola, Scorsese and Sam Fuller ranked among his filmmaking faves). It was also around that time we both launched indie publications, VideoScope and the aforementioned The Razor's Edge, respectively (if not respectably), which further strengthened our bond. Those days were probably his jolliest since his halcyon '60s time; he loved operating his own underground press office and assembling his own zine, from performing art direction chores to drawing spot illos to editing manuscripts to taking on much of the in-house writing. Ever an early adapter—Yo was the first on his block to own a Betamax and laserdisc player—he also contributed a VideoScope column called "Notes from the Internet," culling choice chat-room rumors and quotes, when relatively few were paying much mind to the nascent, mostly crackpot technology.

Though we saw less of each other over the past few years, due to physical distance and health, we kept up via e-mail, where he proved sharp and funny as ever. I still have many of his missives in my inbox and it's eerie but sometimes comforting to read them now. I know that, beyond his published work, Yo lives on in the minds of many, where he will continue to entertain.

Joe Kane publishes The Phantom of the Movies' VideoScope magazine.

Bart Plantenga

From Captain Yossarian to Captain Stanley and Back. Yossarian was so well known by his pseudonym and he had so seamlessly tailored his being to being Yossarian that the name and man seemed inseparable; so much so that many people — even friends — didn't know that Yossarian wasn't his real name.

I don't think this was totally by chance or some hasty decision on his part. He had indeed — in his own way — embraced the glorious absurdity embodied by the probably not-so-fictional main character in Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" or at least the way this book allowed us to understand our contemporary cognitively dissonant reality.

When Yossarian died, it was different from other friends who had died. I could only conjure up joyous moments of hanging out, bad jokes, laughably horrible movies and cringing levity employed as somewhat effective strikes against the annoying acknowledgment of our own frailty and the fact that we live our lives in one illegal sublet after another.

I think of jokes Yossarian would have told on his way to death's door. Knock-knock. He's queuing at Heaven's Gate, squeezed in between the velvet ropes, the partying hopefuls vying for the attention of the doorman. At the entrance to Heaven's Gate he's greeted by a surly bouncer who takes one look at Yossarian, puts his arm across the entrance and says: "Proper attire required." Ten minutes later, Yossarian returns with a car tire—which, we find out, is the currency that gets him into the club.

If Yossarian is buried in a coffin I would recommend one in the shape of a bathtub and I'd fill it with all of the gag gadgets and weird rubber duckies, strange novelty items like urinating salt-and-pepper shakers, anti-headache soap, a transistor radio shaped like a toilet, stuffed animals that fart when you squeeze them, a cooking apron with fake breasts, tools whose utility escapes you, toys made in countries that may not even exist any more, useless things — if he didn't have it I would have gotten him the umbrella you clip onto a cigar so you can smoke it in the rain just to hear his chuckle one last time.

His surrounding himself with a dusty constellation of novelty items and gag gifts had something to do with their glib uselessness as if he had purchased them to fully appreciate their cosmic pointlessness, and then later he'd defuse, dismantle and demystify them. Their frivolousness served as a mocking counter-friction to the heavy burden of our everyday lives in a world undergoing rapid decline. He simply assumed that his mission was to distract us from that fact, if only for a few hours, once a month, for about 15 years in my case.

At some point, he gave up on art and cartooning, stopped engaging in a certain kind of critique, avoiding the trappings of cultural depth; not that he was a surfacy-shallow guy or anything. Nothing like that. He had simply given up his membership to the rat race. I remember how I had to bug him for many months and haircuts before he'd let me reprint some of his classic drawings in my book of short stories, "Wiggling Wishbone." And any ambitions I may have had regarding a "best-of" book of his drawings were always quickly kiboshed with some

deflecting wisecrack.

He had a fascination for the simulacrum—although he would have called it something else and I can almost hear his joke where he confuses simulacrum for speculum. He was fascinated by our eternal fascination for empty preoccupation, a state as I understand Jean Baudrillard may have described it, in which we are held rapt by the voluptuous visible and disregard anything beneath the surface. But you had—at least I did—the sense that somewhere along the line, before I met him, he had dived deep and had touched bottom and had, upon resurfacing, come to the conclusion that that bottom was not a happy place to be dwelling. No bottom-dwellers we!

He was profoundly disappointed in progress and skeptical of the powers-that-be who had screwed up any hope that may have been clinging to progress. He had simply let go of something — an urge, anxiety, unrequited love, gravity — so that very little mattered, and in that letting go he could periodically savor or enjoy things like shared laughs with friends.

He took me and XX out to eat probably 100 times; I'm not exaggerating and once in a while we'd get it into our silly heads to treat HIM up there in that restaurant — where was it? — along Long Island Sound somewhere with all the seafood and the gloriously decrepit atmosphere. And OK, I would have that third beer — saying "no" rarely registered with him, he just didn't hear it — before you could respond, that beer would already be served. That was truly a magician's magic. But in the time I took to drink that beer he would somehow excuse himself, elegantly out-maneuvering me and XX and he would have already paid by the time I got up to the register to try to pay the bill.

And as we got up from our table, he may very well have left behind a novelty severed finger wrapped in a generous $20 tip on our table for the waitress.

Yossarian the character and Yossarian the friend both embodied the essential black humorist dictum voiced by Heller in Catch-22: "live forever or die in the attempt."

Bart Plantenga, longtime Yo friend, author of "Yodel in HiFi" and "Beer Mystic," and DJ @ Wreck This Mess, lives in Amsterdam, a town Yo would have appreciated.

Rex Weiner

A kind of ruthless patricide was implicit in Yossarian's cover art for the February 1972 issue of the New York Ace. He was close to "the Arab," as the East Village Other's editor, Jaakov Kohn, was known, and now Yossarian was one of the defectors from the already tottering EVO to the new paper which I'd cofounded

with Robert "Honest Bob" Singer. With this cover he'd created especially for us, Yossarian was declaring his allegiance to the Ace, betraying EVO, to which he'd contributed many cover illustrations, and its paternal leader. EVO's logo was the all-seeing eye, and for our cover Yossarian had placed an eyeball on a chopping block split by a butcher knife, as if to say, "EVO … You're DEAD!"

I stared at the image while the artist shifted shyly and uncomfortably from one foot to the other. Alan Shenker was proud of his work, proud to be among a crowd that included R. Crumb, Art Spiegelman, Spain Rodriguez, S. Clay Wilson, and other underground cartoonist stars, and proud of his "Catch-22" nom de guerre. But Yossarian was also Alan Shenker, a nice Jewish boy, and, like all Jews, he was conflicted. How could a nice Jewish boy come up with the outrageous stuff depicted in his masterful pen-and-ink scenarios? Even so, though his butcher knife had a painfully personal target, Yossarian was adding a finely-honed edge to the Ace and every publication daring enough to print his work.

That edge became literal in Yossarian's self-published zine, The Razor's Edge, in which the nice Jewish boy exercised, and exorcized, his fetish for the smoothly shaved curvature of the female cranium. Even just a light trim of a woman's tresses made him happy, as writer Deanne Stillman recalls: "I remember when he cut my hair—for the love of God!"

But I recall staring at Yossarian's artwork, facing a press deadline, and trying very hard at the age of twenty-two to think like a smart publisher. Never mind the insult to the Arab, which was making Yossarian nervous. I was having doubts that a bloody eyeball chopped in half by a meat cleaver was the right image to win newsstand sales. But I liked Yossarian. He was a wonderful artist and a sweet guy and here he was supporting our nascent venture, giving us his artwork without hope of payment. My doubts were finally swept aside by our editor, Honest Bob, who pronounced it "Brilliant!" and jabbered on about Dadaism, Buñuel, Un Chien Andalou, yadda, yadda. Yossarian was reassured. I just figured what the hell, so we went to press, and Yossarian became the Ace's ace artist-in-residence.

Yossarian's New York Ace cover now hangs framed on my wall and I don't think I'm prouder of anything I've ever done. The Arab is long gone, may Jaakov rest in peace, and who cares how many copies of Ace #2 we sold. As Dada daddy Man Ray said: "I have always preferred inspiration to information." Yossarian's work taught me that lesson.

Getting his start in the New York underground press of the late 1960s, Rex Weiner now lives in Los Angeles and continues his journalism as West Coast Correspondent for the Forward and Hollywood correspondent for Rolling Stone Italia. This piece originally appeared in The Paris Review.

Loi Kail

Thoughts and memories of Yo have been ever-present since I heard that he died, so you'd think this would be easy to write. It isn't. Even though I first met Yo almost 30 years ago, and he was a good friend, I find it hard to say I knew him.

He was generous and kind: it was hard to give him anything. He would not take money for haircuts, and I got my hair cut (and dyed) often in my crew cut phases. So I'd hunt for trinkets, bring pastries from Venieros, bake. And I brought a whole bunch of modern dancers into his orbit, because we all wanted short haircuts, and he was simply the best.

I remember him telling me that short hair is really flattering to women because it brings out their faces.

I also remember him saying, "You know, if all the muscles that control hand movement were in our hands, we would have hands the size of baseball gloves!" (He loved baseball). Science-nerd artist.

Mostly though, I think about Yo and my son. Yo took such delight in my son. He really loved him. They say you can really tell a lot about a person by their actions, and Yo really outdid himself with Josh.

When my son's hair got long enough to need cutting (i.e. toddler age), Yo was his barber. Josh happily sprayed himself in the face with the water bottle during his haircut. He thought it was the fun-est and the funniest thing. Yo thought Josh spraying himself was the funniest thing.

Maybe you had to be there, but for someone as intensely private as Yo was, it was such a treat for me to see him in this way. He brought Josh presents on haircut days. When Josh became obsessed with trains, there was an electric train set one birthday. Yo would bring DVDs: Disney, Loony Tunes, the Marx Brothers and Jerry Lewis. Is this where that Manga (comics) thing started?

About four years ago the haircuts stopped when Yo's health problems intensified. We made many plans, but most dates ended up being cancelled.

Somewhere in that time, when it began taking Yo longer to return my phone calls, I asked him to please make sure his sister had my phone number, a way to contact me, if/when. Yo's cousin e-mailed me at his sister's request . . .when.

Loi Kail is a former dancer and choreographer, Pilates instructor of 20 years and mom of 13 years.

Nancy Naglin

I didn't know Yo in the early days — I came late to New York and missed that party. But I came to absorb Yo through my connection with Joe Kane. I say

"absorb" because Yo was enigmatic, the inner man was hard to know, and he came cloaked in the wrap of legend and, unconsciously, with his witticisms and crustiness, embellished the same.

I went to his office and, admiring his tons of stuff, got the impression he didn't want me to touch anything. The first time in his apartment (he was showing us the wonders of a VCR — Yo was an early adapter and always bought everything first) I parked myself in his barber chair. "I think you would be more comfortable over there," Yo pointed to the couch. He took the throne himself.

But when Yo first sent us his wonderful memoir piece "One-Legged Terry," I immediately e-mailed him to tell him what a jolt it was. One thing led to another and Yo began to tell me of his time in the Air Force. He said he'd enlisted to beat the draft, had been sent to a camp in the Southwest and there, because of an interest in electronics and science, had been handpicked to be trained for a highly technical, covert job. The group that he would be joining, he was told, was in Manhattan.

He was excited and eager for the assignment. First, there was a battery of tests — he was told he passed with flying colors — then medical testing and injections. Yo immediately became deathly ill—he had a complete lung collapse. He said he was hospitalized for the longest time; his life was in the balance. At last, they were able to get him going again, but Yo did not feel well and he still had lingering breathing issues. The Air Force, he said, immediately offered him a cash payment and an honorable discharge. (Yo said the sum was substantial, more money than he'd ever seen.)

Yo, those many decades later, said he didn't know if the Air Force had inadvertently made him ill — or whether the point of his selection had been the medical "experiment" which went south. Although Yo took the offer, bought a VW bug and the rest is history, he told me how deeply he regretted having taken the money. His silence had been purchased and there was no way he had of finding out anything more about the event, which he believed had been the source of his health problems. That event was a pick-axe in his heart.

Nancy Naglin is an author and freelance writer who works for VideoScope magazine.

Maguy Berry

I was introduced to Yossarian in the mid-eighties. We liked each other's sense of humor and lack of conventionality. We would usually meet at his apartment, have something to drink, eat, and catch up… I would then move to the barber chair and get one of those striking hair styles that would get me into the latest club without

having to wait on line. Yo was known for specific haircuts: usually very short and often very blond or very red. As an artist he was sensitive to color and shapes. He moved from paper and pen (as a cartoonist) to hair and scissors.

Yo's generosity had no limits. He invited a lot of his friends, including me, once a month, to "refresh" our hair styles, always at no cost. He would also enjoy taking us to some nice restaurants. He made sure to share his favorite ones.

Often, Yo and I took day trips to the Jersey Shore to visit friends. He would then invite us to go to some fancy seafood restaurant.

I will always remember Captain Yankee taking me to a ball game in the Bronx. He carefully explained the rules to me, and ensured that I had the whole American experience including hot dogs and jumbo soft drinks.

He will always be remembered as someone with a very good sense of humor as well as a very generous person. He was definitely a giver.

Maguy Berry moved from Paris to New York over 20 years ago to study fashion design at FIT and still works in the fashion industry.

Diane Shenker (Yossarian's sister)

Our family is going crazy. They didn't know about Alan's career as an artist. They saw him as a very supportive, intelligent and funny family member. But they had no idea about his art. Now they are all finding out he was famous. He compartmentalized his life. He was a very private person who didn't want to be especially recognized. I think that's one of the reasons he stopped doing his art. I don't know if he'd be happy or shocked or sad at all the attention he is getting now.

I wanted him to move in with me as he was struggling with his illness, but he didn't want to. He told me "I can't stand the sunshine in the winter in the suburbs. The city has such nice sunshine in the winter." He found our sunshine depressing.

Alan was always very nonjudgmental and accepting of people. He had his values and respected them and stayed true to them, but he didn't do that at the cost of hurting anyone.

But he didn't suffer fools gladly. If you were a friend and you were cherished by him, that says a lot for you. I want all his friends to know that.

Diane Shenker suggests that if you want to do something in her brother's memory, "think trees." He loved them and the creatures living in them. "So go somewhere in the dark and plant a tree."

Collected from East Village Other, Yipster Times, National Screw, Screw, High Times, National Lampoon, New York Ace.

IF ANYONE HAS ANY OTHER ART OF COMIX TO SHARE PLEASE SEND THEM TO

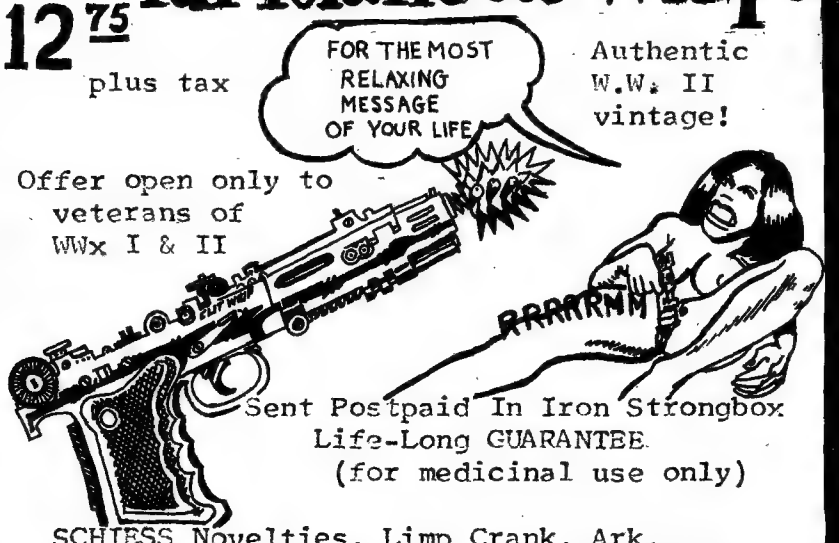
GUROFORU@GMAIL.COM

COMIX


60 MINITS
I SAW IT ON THE TUBE AND IT WENT SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS
Yossarian
TONIGHT ON 60 MINITS WE WILL GO TO POLAND TO SEE THE FINALISTS IN THE MISS WARSAW CONTEST. THEN WE'LL GO TO THE 7/4th ANNUAL PILLSBURY BAKE-OFF. THEN TO PORTLAND OREGON TO MEET THE OWNER OF THE WORLDS LARGEST SNOT BALL...
...BUT FIRST A TOUR OF THE WHITE HOUSE WITH TRICIA NOXIOUS.
I SURE AM PLEASED TO BE INTERVIEWED BY THE NETWORK THAT HAD THE GUTS TO STAND UP TO THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS.
SHALL WE SEE THE HOUSE NOW? HERE, IS THE WATERMELON ROOM WHERE FATHER LIKES TO MEET IMPORTANT PEOPLE OF THE NEGRO FAITH.
THIS IS FATHERS FAVORITE CHAIR. SEE THE MARK WHERE HE WET IT WHEN THAT 'DAMN COMMUNIST' SENATE REJECTED CARSWELL.
NOW TO THE WEST WING EXCUSE ME TRICIA WHY DO YOU WALK AS IF YOUR KNEES ARE NAILED TOGETHER?
ONE MUST KEEP ONES CROTCH COVERED MUSTN'T ONE?
EXCUSE ME IS THAT A COKE MACHINE?
COKE
WELL NOT REALLY A COKE MACHINE IT'S A SECRET HIDING PLACE.
IN THE '20'S IT WAS USED TO HIDE PRESIDENT HARDING'S ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN. IN THE '30'S ROOSEVELTS JEWISH MOTHER WAS KEPT HERE. WHY FATHER STILL USES IT. REMEMBER THE DEMONSTRATION A FEW WEEKS AGO? WELL DADDY SPENT ALMOST THE WHOLE DAY IN THE COKE MACHINE PRAYING... FOR THE BOYS IN INDOCHINA.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A FRENCH TICKLER? IT'S AN HONORARY BALLOON THEY USE IN FRANCE. THIS WAS DESIGNED TO LOOK LIKE DADDY IT WAS SENT BY AN ADMIRER IN IOWA
OOH! IT'S GOOKY.!!
AND HERE'S AN ORIGINAL NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING OF ARTHUR GODFREY
AMION
NEXT A REPORT ON THE DRUG PROBLEM IN AKRON, AFTER A WORD ABOUT BERLITZ-O-LAX® LEARN A LANGUAGE WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR COLON.
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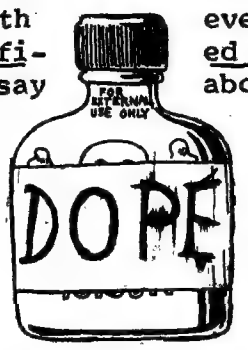
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How would you like to make something out of your life? I mean, really shoot for the moon. Well, look no further--I've come up with a little project that will get you so much MONEY that the U.S. economy will collapse when you start spending it, out of the resulting inflation. This idea is so simple you'll wonder why nobody ever thought of it before, and you don't even have to leave the room. Not even to wee-wee. Just send me $255.72, and I'll send you my idea. As a matter of fact, you might have a few ideas of your own, already....

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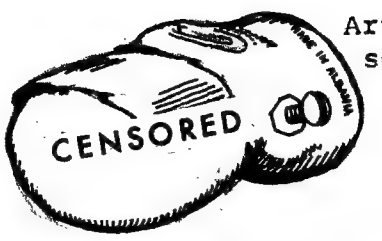
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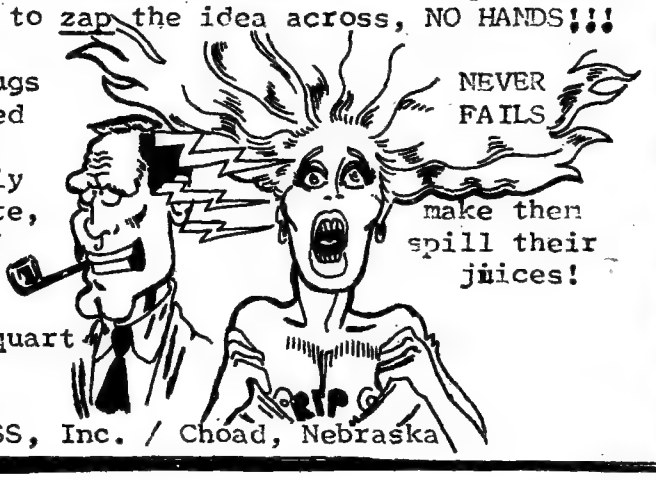
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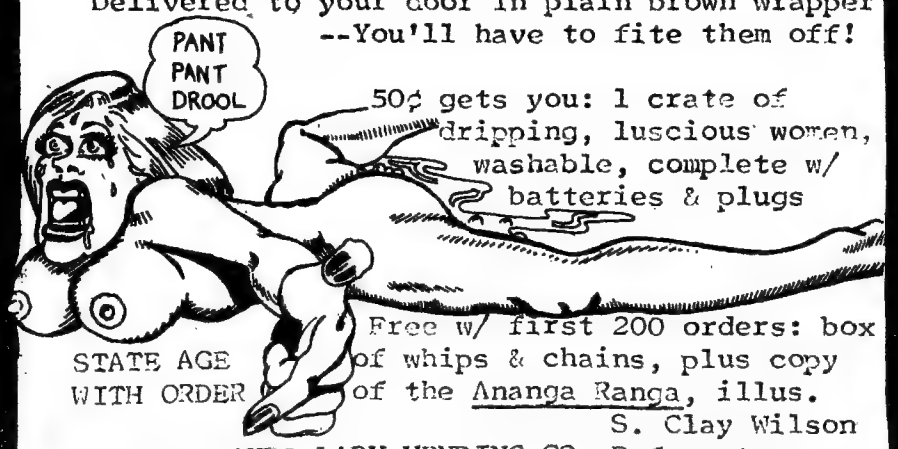
How'd Ya Like Ta...

GROW a mustach?
WEAR a girdle?
TALK to GOD?
SING the National Anthem?
FIGHT the cockroaches?
BE in Louis Abolafia's pornzine?
SEE the Mets win the pennant?
STOP stuttering?
SMELL the docks?
HEAR a Congressional debate.
MOVE to Israel, FREE?
FIND a silver dollar?
SHOOT benzedrine?

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CONFIDENTIAL TO R.S.



I DISAGREE WITH YOUR LETTER CALLING JOHN AND YOKO LENNON "ASS-WIPES" THIS TYPE OF INTER-MOVEMENT FIGHTING IS JUST PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF THE FASCIST PIGS. LET'S GET IT TOGETHER AND PLACE THE RIGHT ENEMY IN OUR SIGHTS. ALSO THE FORCE OF YOUR PROFANITY IN THIS MATTER SUGGESTS PSYCHOSIS.

STOP THIS RUMOR



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MS. KENNEDY ONASSIS DID NOT IMMOLATE HERSELF RECENTLY TO PROTEST THE SITUATION IN NORTHERN IRELAND. THIS POPULAR RUMOR IS OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN. JACKIE "O" IS WELL IN GREECE

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S *YOU GUESS IT!*: HORST WESSEL, TREBLINKA, VOLKSWAGEN, U-147, WILLY BRANDT, LAMPSHADES, SOAP, JEWISH QUESTION, COLGATE PAMOLIVE CO.

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YOU ASKED?



DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN, PLEASE SOLVE MY DILEMMA. DO BLACK MEN HAVE LARGER GENITALS THAN CAUCASIANS; ALSO DOES PENIS LENGTH MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN SEXUAL INTERCOURSE?

L.M., MILWAUKEE

ANSWER- I AM AMAZED AT THE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE IN THE AREA OF SEXUAL MATTERS! OF COURSE THE AVERAGE AFRO-AMERICAN MAY HAVE A LARGER MEMBER, BUT THE DIFFERENCE (AVG. BLACK PENIS - 18.4 INCHES, VS. AVG. WHITE PENIS - 16.2 INCHES, ALL MEASUREMENTS MADE WHILE ERECT) IS INCONSEQUENTIAL. MOST WOMEN REFUSE TO RELATE SEXUALLY TO A PENIS UNDER 12 INCHES (ERECT)

FROM THE CONCORDANCE

RAIN MEANS VIOLENCE

e.g. "A HARD RAIN'S A GONNA' FALL

B. J. Weberman

YOSSARIAN'S AN' DAS A FACT.

THE AVERAGE 125 LB. NEW YORK CITY JUNKIE CAN RUN THE 100 YD. DASH IN 4.3 SEC., WHILE CARRYING TWO TELEVISIONS AND AN AIRCONDITIONER

AN DAS A FACT

VIRGINITY IS NOT ONLY ANTISOCIAL ACTUALLY IT'S AN ELITIST CRIME WHICH WILL BE DEALT WITH UNMERCIFULLY AFTER THE REVOLUTION

AN DAS A FACT

CHUCK YOU FARLEY!!

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION

I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE GROUNDS THAT I'M ASPARAGUS

WHAT KIND OF A VEGETABLE WILL JOE COLUMBO BE?

A) EGGPLANT
B) ASPARAGUS
C) ZUCCHINI
D) PLUM TOMATO
E) OTHER

SEND EACH ANSWER ALONG WITH 25¢ IN CASH OR STAMPS % THIS PAPER

BITCH!! TEAR RIP REND SCRATCH SQUEAL

RALPH NADER LIKES BETTY FURNESS BETTER THAN HE LIKES BESS MYERSON

AN' DAS A FACT...

6,000,000 JEWS HAVE BEEN FOUND ALIVE AND LIVING IN ARGENTINA

SI

VERB OF THE WEEK: *HYDROCLAVE* (HÝDRO-CLAVÉ

I HYDROCLAVE
YOU HYDROCLAVE
WE HYDROCLAVEN

IF ALL THE UNITED STATES WAR DEAD FROM VIETNAM WERE PILED ATOP ONE ANOTHER IN THE TIMES SQUARE VICINITY PROSTITUTION IN THAT AREA WOULD DECLINE.

DOOFUS 35¢ OOZ Jucd

SHOVE IT MAN I'M GOIN TA PODUNK

AN DAS A FACT

95% OF ALL FATAL SYPHILIS IS CONTRACTED FROM PUBLIC TOILETS

DON'T LET THOSE COMMIES TELL YOU ANY DIFFERENT!

FILTH

WE MEAN NO OFFENSE
The Management

MY SON YOU WOULD SAVE YOUR MOTHERS LIFE IF...

EAT SHIT MAN I DONT WANNA HEAR ANY OF THAT.

HIPPIES ARE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER PEOPLE. DON'T TAKE NO SHIT FROM DAGOES OR KIKES.

THE AVERAGE RUSSIAN HAS TO WORK 47 HRS. FOR ONE SUIT OF CLOTHES

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN ONLY WORKS 6 HRS. FOR HIS SUIT

I DON'T LIKE THE CUT.

YA WANNA SEE IT INNA LITE?

THE REST OF THE WORK FOR THE AMERICANS SUIT IS DONE BY 3 EAST ASIANS, 14 AFRICANS, 6 SOUTH AMERICANS, 2 PAKISTANIS AND 1 ABORIGINE

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA WITH U3

From TakeOver/UPS

YOSSARIAN'S AN'DAS'A FACT

THAT JAPANESE WAR SURVIVOR FOUND ON GUAM THOUGHT THAT EISENHOWER WAS STILL PRESIDENT. WHAT DID HE SAY WHEN TOLD THAT EISENHOWER HAD DIED?

MR. L.R. DENVER



HE REPORTEDLY SAID: "SHIT THAT MEANS THAT PIG FUCKER NIXON IS PRESIDENT!

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CORRECTION

JEWS DO NOT STEAL BABIES FOR USE IN CHANUKA RITUALS AS WAS PREVIOUSLY REPORTED



STOLEN BABIES ARE ONLY USED IN PASSOVER RITUALS

DID YOU KNOW?



HELEN KELLER WAS A SOCIALIST. ONLY THE OBSTACLES OF A MALE DOMINATED SOCIETY FRUSTRATED THIS SISTER IN HER STRIVINGS FOR LEADERSHIP OF THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL.

SEND FOR BOOK! KILL YOUR LAWYER AND AVOID PROBATE

HEY KIDS! MAKE BIG MONEY



NEED BREAD TO SPLIT THE CITY?

YOU CAN MAKE QUICK BUCKS BY SELLING OUT THE CAUSE OF INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM!! MAKE BIG MONEY WHILE PLAYING A GROOVY SECRET IDENTITY!!! REALLY FREAK YOUR ENEMIES! GET THE BREAD YOU NEED FOR THAT GROOVY V.W. BUS

FRINGE BENEFITS: FULL MEDICAL, DENTAL COVERAGE, PROTECTION FROM RIGHT WING COUPS, MORE...

YOUR QUESTION

DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN; PLEASE SETTLE A PROBLEM. IS IT WRONG TO PAY A WOMAN 30 OR 40 PERCENT LESS THAN A MAN FOR THE SAME JOB?



ANSWER: NOT AT ALL, WHY I MYSELF WOULD PAY A WOMAN UP TO 80 PERCENT OF A MANS WAGES IF SHE WERE A GOOD WORKER. IF THE MEN COMPLAIN YOU CAN ALWAYS FIRE THE CUNT.

DID YOU KNOW?



THE BRITISH HAVE BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL WITH THEIR BULLSHIT "RUBBER" BULLETS IN IRELAND THAT THE U.S. IS NOW DEVELOPING "RUBBER" NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND RUBBER LASER DEVICES TO DEFEND AGAINST POSSIBLE THIRD-WORLD AGGRESSION.

AN'DAS'A FACT

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT SENDS CHARITY 'CARE' PACKAGES TO SEATTLE AND OTHER CITIES WITH HIGH UNEMPLOYEMENT

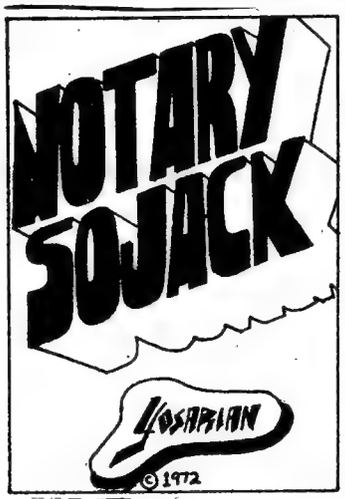


FOR ONLY 145 YEN A MONTH JOHNNY ANDERSON CAN HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE!

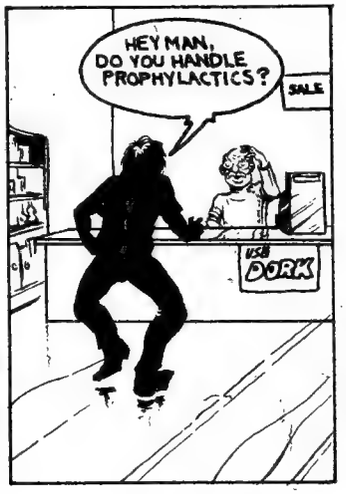
an'das'a fact

THIS COMIC STRIP MAY BE REPRINTED BY ALL U.P.S. MEMBER PAPERS EXCEPT FOR THE CHICAGO SEED AND THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

NOTARY SOJACK











ACE U.P.S.

YOSSARIAN'S AN'DAS'A FACT

A MEMBER, UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA (UN·C·W·A) MAY BE REPRINTED BY U·P·S. MEMBER PAPERS EXCEPT THE SEED (CHICAGO) & THE BIRD (ATLANTA)

PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT HAD TO CLOSE GEM'S SPA (POPULAR EAST VILLAGE WATERING HOLE) WHEN IT WAS FOUND THAT THE MAN WHO MIXED THE EGG CREAMS IS A LEPROSY CARRIER. IF YOU HAVE HAD RECENT CONTACT WITH THIS MAN DO NOT DESPAIR OR PANIC!



... A PAINFUL SERIES OF INJECTIONS MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

ARE JEWS THE CHOSEN PEOPLE?



RECENT EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT PEOPLE ARE'NT EVEN THE CHOSEN SPECIES.

An'das'a Fact

A TIP OF THE HAT TO ONE LEGGED TERRY •

CONFIDENTIAL TO THE DONOR OF THE ITEM ABOUT WHAT ELIJAH MUHAMMED SAID ABOUT SHEBAZZ© BEAN PIE: YOUR ITEM WAS THE MOST RACIST THING I'VE EVER READ, BUT YOUR INFORMATION IS FALSE. THIS FEATURE IS DEDICATED TO TRUTH

GIVE THE MAN A CHANCE!!

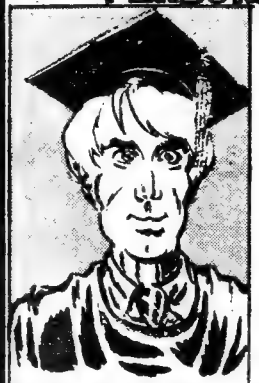


EVERYBODY HAS BEEN DUMPING ON ALLEN KLEIN SINCE IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HIS COMPANY IS SEEMINGLY GETTING $1.04 FROM EACH BENGLA-DESH BENEFIT ALBUM. NOBODY HAS EVEN ASKED KLEIN. MAYBE HE REALLY NEEDS THE $3,000,000.00

IGNORANCE IS NO EXCUSE An'das'a Fact

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PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT



HAROLD FINE PHOTO TAKEN 1966

HAROLD FINE COME HOME SON! YOUR FATHER AGREES TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR AFFAIRS. HE PROMISES TO RETURN YOUR HYPODERMIC NEEDLE GRANDMA IS VERY SICK.

YOUR MOTHER



HAROLD FINE PHOTO TAKEN 1971

YOUR ?

WAS AMELIA EARHART A LESBIAN



I AM UNABLE TO FIND ANYTHING DEFINITE IN MY FILES OR PHOTOGRAPHS HOWEVER I HAVE GOOD PICTURES OF OTHER LESBIANS SEND FOR CATALOGUE!



DID YOU KNOW?

J. EDGAR HOOVER GIVES AWAY ALL CANDY AND COMESTIBLES; WHICH ARE SENT TO HIM; TO ORPHANAGES.

AN'DAS'A FACT

DEAR MR YOSSARIAN: DO YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF WITH AN EMPTY CORNER IN A COMIC STRIP AND NO IDEA TO PLACE THERE.

MS: NO, NEVER A GOOD CARTOONIST PLANS AHEAD

Yossarian

GOSSARIAN'S AN' DAS A FACT

THE AVERAGE 125 LB. NEW YORK CITY JUNKIE CAN RUN THE 100 YD. DASH IN 4.3 SEC., WHILE CARRYING TWO TELEVISIONS AND AN AIR CONDITIONER

AN DAS A FACT

IF ALL THE UNITED STATES WAR DEAD FROM VIETNAM WERE PILED ATOP ONE ANOTHER IN THE TIMES SQUARE VICINITY PROSTITUTION IN THAT AREA WOULD DECLINE.





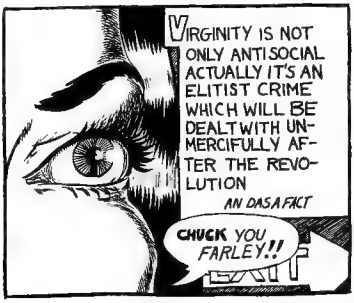
VERB OF THE WEEK: *HYDROCLAVE* (HYDRO-CLAVÉ

I HYDROCLAVE
YOU HYDROCLAVE
WE HYDROCLAVEN



95% OF ALL FATAL SYPHILIS IS CONTRACTED FROM PUBLIC TOILETS

DON'T LET THOSE COMMIES TELL YOU ANY DIFFERENT!



VIRGINITY IS NOT ONLY ANTISOCIAL ACTUALLY IT'S AN ELITIST CRIME WHICH WILL BE DEALT WITH UNMERCIFULLY AFTER THE REVOLUTION

AN DAS A FACT

CHUCK YOU FARLEY!!

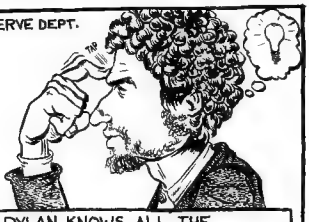


HIPPIES ARE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER PEOPLE. DON'T TAKE NO SHIT FROM DAGOES OR KIKES.



6,000,000 JEWS HAVE BEEN FOUND ALIVE AND LIVING IN ARGENTINA

SOME NERVE DEPT.

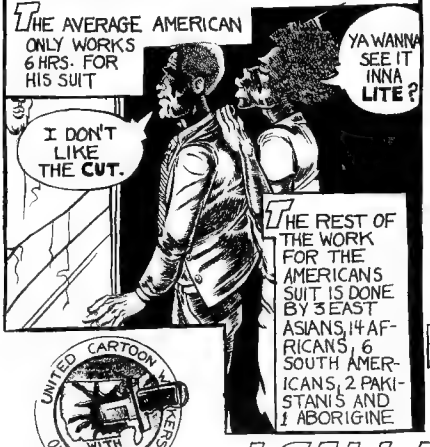


BOB DYLAN KNOWS ALL THE SECRETS OF EXISTANCE BUT HE AINT TALKING

AN DAS A FACT

THE AVERAGE RUSSIAN HAS TO WORK 47 HRS. FOR ONE SUIT OF CLOTHES

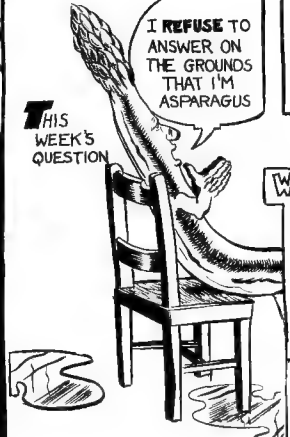
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN ONLY WORKS 6 HRS. FOR HIS SUIT



THE REST OF THE WORK FOR THE AMERICANS SUIT IS DONE BY 3 EAST ASIANS, 14 AFRICANS, 6 SOUTH AMERICANS, 2 PAKISTANIS AND 1 ABORIGINE

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA WITH US

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION



WHAT KIND OF A VEGETABLE WILL JOE COLUMBO BE?

A) EGGPLANT
B) ASPARAGUS
C) ZUCCHINI
D) PLUM TOMATO
E) OTHER

SEND EACH ANSWER ALONG WITH 25¢ IN CASH OR STAMPS % THIS PAPER

WE MEAN NO OFFENSE
The Management

ADOLPH HITLER WAS A GODDAMN FUCK



SEEK NO OTHER BRAND

GOSSARIAN©

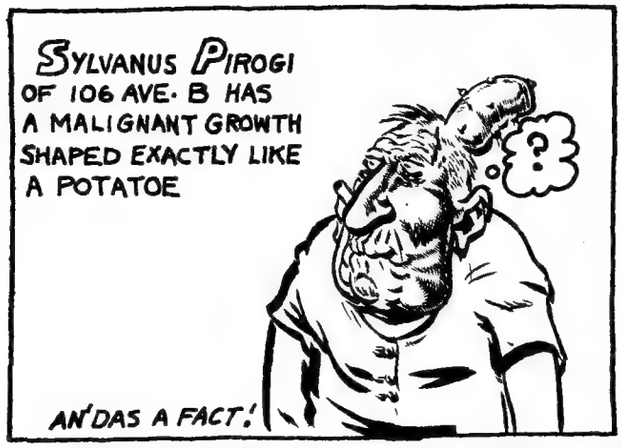
I CALLS EM' LIKE I SEES EM'

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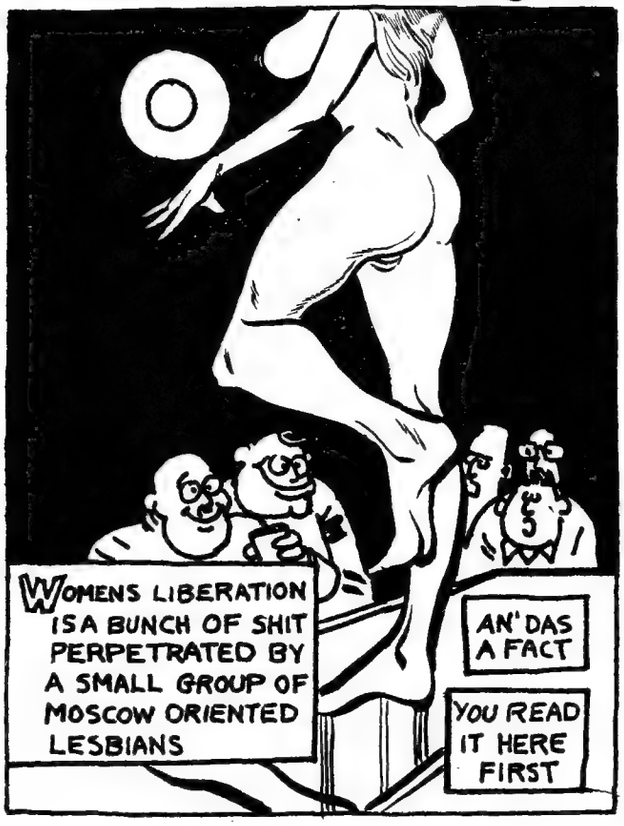
LOWER EAST SIDE

BY Yossarian
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AN' DAS A FACT



AGNEW SPELLED BACKWARDS = SMEGMA



ATOMIC PILES?

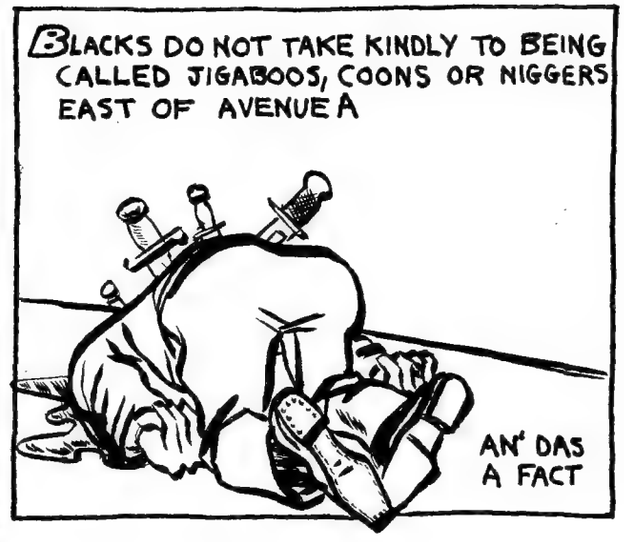








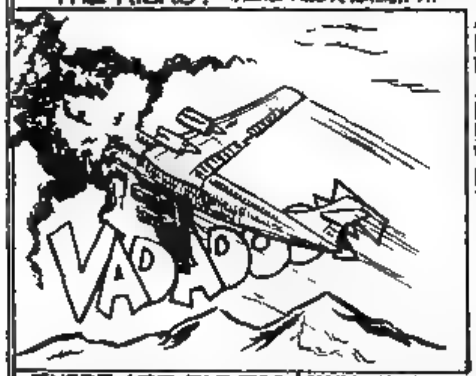
ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR VISITORS TO BELLEVUE HOSPITAL WILL DIE OF A DISEASE CONTRACTED THERE. THE PECENTAGE IS EVEN HIGHER FOR THE PATI NTS... AN' DAS A FACT



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FLY TWA?

DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN; PLEASE HELP ME DECIDE WHETHER TO FLY ON A T.W.A. AIRCRAFT. I REALISE THAT A PUBLIC BOYCOTT IS JUST WHAT THESE COMMUNISTS WANT. JUST WHAT ARE THE RISKS? WALLACE PODBAY, NORDISH VT.



ANS: I UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEM WELL. IF THE PUBLIC IS FRIGHTENED AWAY FROM TWA. FLIGHTS RADICAL MOVEMENT WILL HAVE A POWERFUL WEAPON TO USE IN THE FUTURE. BIG BUSINESS WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO EXTORTION BY ANY CLEVER RADICAL GROUP.

HOWEVER I FEEL THAT I CANNOT WRONGFULLY INFORM MY READERS THAT FLYING ON A T.W.A. PLANE IS SAFE. THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY MANIACS IN THIS WORLD AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES ARE TOO READILY OBTAINABLE FOR ME TO COUNCEL USING THIS AIRLINE. I PRUDENTLY SUGGEST ACCEDING TO ALL COMMONIST DEMANDS Yossarian

JESUS DIED FOR OUR SINS... DON'T LET HIM DOWN

STONED FOR LIFE



WITH THE RECENT POPULARITY OF PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY; FOR THE "PERFECT HIGH"; AMIDST THE DRUG CULTURE; I FIND IT NECESSARY TO RESTATE RALPH NADER'S FINDINGS THAT "AN ALARMING 73% OF ALL STREET LOBOTOMIES ARE ACTUALLY TRACHEOTOMIES OR TONSILECTOMIES!"

HOWEVER I DISCOUNT ALL POSSIBILITY OF GENETIC DAMAGE.

BUYER BEWARE!

PREPARED UNDER THE STRICT DIETARY SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA



ONE MEAN UNION

WE TAKE NO SHIT

"TO THE WORKER THE FULL PROFITS OF HIS LABOR"

MINORITY SLUR OF THE WEEK

QUES: WHAT DO YOU CALL A RICH PUERTO-RICAN?



IF YOU FOUND THE LEAST BIT OF HUMOR IN THIS GROSS BIGOTRY, YOU ARE A RACIST PIG! COME THE REVOLUTION YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

SMEGMA AGNEW

ASS WIPE WHO IS

WHO'S BEST

JACK ANDERSON'S REPUTATION AS A FACT FINDER IS BUILT ON MYTHS.

I THROW AWAY MORE FACTS THAN THAT CUNT-FACED FAGGOT HAS THE BALLS TO PRINT.

REMEMBER, ONLY THIS FEATURE COMES WITH THIS GUARANTEE!

100% (NEAR) EXCEPTIONAL

MERCHANDISE

"AS GOOD AS ANY GUARANTEE IN AMERICA"

JOPLIN & NAMATH ?



DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN; R. MELTZER SAYS THAT JANIS JOPLIN BALLED JOE NAMATH. IS THIS TRUE:

ANS. I HAVE NEVER FOUND ANY OCCASION TO DOUBT MR. MELTZERS FACTS. I TRUST THE MAN IMPLICITLY. I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.

MELTZER'S INFORMANT ALSO SAYS THAT JANIS KICKED JOE OUT OF BED, BUT THIS IS ONLY HEARSAY AS THE FILM QUALITY IS QUITE POOR.

IN THE FUTURE I HOPE TO DEAL IN HIGHER MINDED SUBJECTS THAN JUNKIES AND JOCKS!



ALTHOUGH I FEEL THAT ALL JUDEO-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS ARE MERELY SUPERSTITIOUS FAIRY-TALES, ARRIVED AT BY SAVAGES AT THE DAWN OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT; IN THE INTEREST OF BROTHERHOOD I FEEL I SHOULD MAKE THIS GESTURE.

ALTHOUGH ANY POSSIBILITY OF SUCH CRETINS FORMULATING A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, AND MORALITY; FIT FOR OUR SOCIETY WITH IT'S MIRACLES OF ASS-WIPE PAPER, AND F.M. RADIO, IS LUDICROUS; AND FORGETTING MY CONTEMPT FOR RELIGIOUS PERSONS I HEARTILY WISH MY CHRISTIAN READERS

A HAPPY EASTER


O.K., SO YOU WERE WITH PATTON IN THE DIRTY, STINKING ARGONNE!... AND YOU, YOU WERE WITH RIDGEWAY IN THE DIRTY, STINKING KOREAN MOUNTAINS!... AND YOU WERE THERE, AND IT WAS BAD, AND YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT... BUT YOU TAKE A YOUNG YANAGAN AND PUT HIM IN THE DIRTY, STINKING JUNGLES OF VIET NAM, AND HE'S LIABLE TO FALL OUT!... GO BESERK!... HAVE A...
BAD DAY AT SONG MY
WOOMF
THUK
THIS IS FOR THE SARGE!
POK
BLAM
ARRGH!!
GASP!
...NNNG
GURGLE
WRITTEN D.A LATIMER
DRAWN YOSSARIAN
INKING DONDI
SERGEANT MARCUS REGISTRADA; OUT ON A RECON PATROL OF THE DINK'S FORWARD POSITION TAKES A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE ACROSS HIS CHEST
GARGH!!
BUDDABUDA
ZUT
ZUT
ZUT
A CORPSMAN QUICKLY ARRIVES BUT...
*6☆!!#6 HE'S BOUGHT IT. SLANT EYED #☆6"
THE CHAPLAIN SAYS A FEW HURRIED WORDS OVER THE BODY
... AND MAY GOD, IN HIS INFINATE GOODNESS, VISIT HIS HORRIBLE WRATH ON ANY ONE RESPONSABLE FOR THIS ATROCITY; AND TO ALL GOOKS IN GENERAL



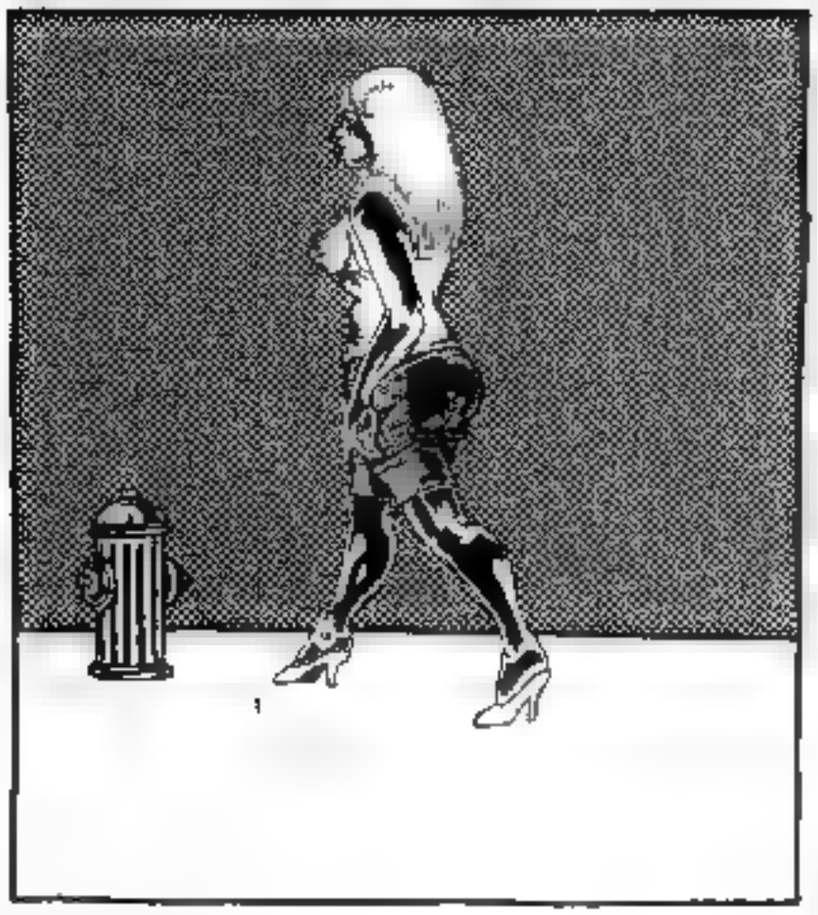
INVITING THE UNDERTAKER NO. 7,342,612


ECOLOGY
IN
ACTION
VOTE CRASS
COMING
BILLY GRAHAM
POST
NO
BILLS
VOTE CRASS
CIRCUS
©1970 YOSSARIAN
ASYLUM - PRESS
STOP!
POOF
WHO ARE YOU?!
I AM PATRICIA PURITY AND YOU STAND ACCUSED OF NATURE CRIMES.
I HAVE BEEN SENT TO SHOW YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS AND TO WARN YOU OF POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE INERT RUBBISH YOU SO CARELESSLY DISPOSE OF AND HUMAN BODY WASTES?
WELL NO BUT...
ECOLOGICALLY SPEAKING THE HUMAN WASTES WHICH YOU SO CAREFULLY HIDE FROM SIGHT ARE FAR LESS DANGEROUS THAN INERT MATERIAL TO THE ENVIRONMENT

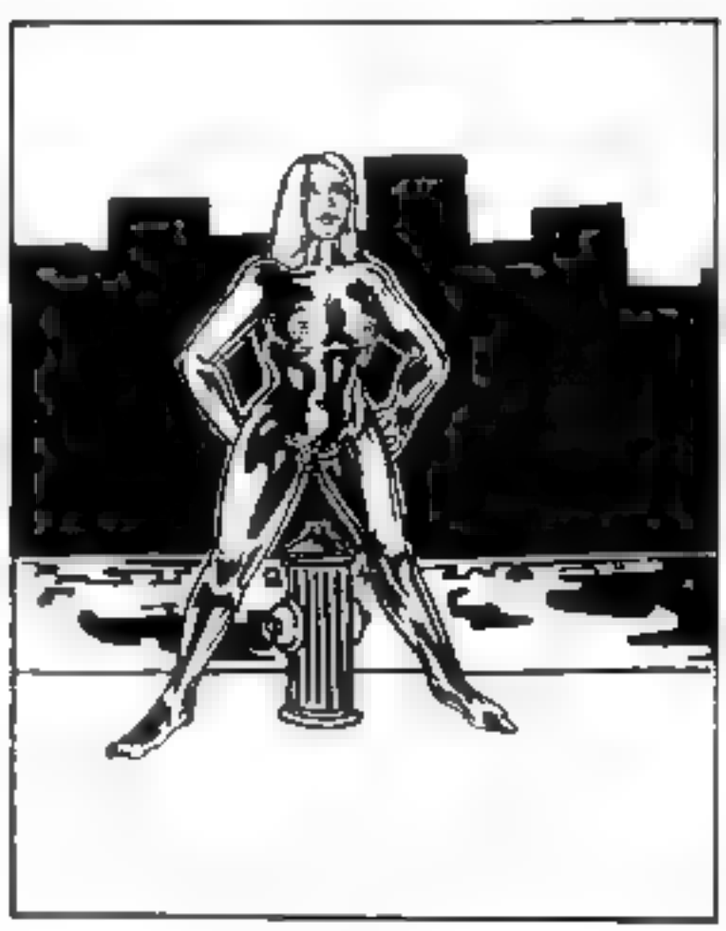

THE CRUMPLED PAPER IN YOUR HAND
IS MORE DANGEROUS TO THE BALANCE OF NATURE THAN A REPELLENT TURD.
ECCH!
THINK OF ALL THE CIGARETTE PACKAGES YOU'VE DISPOSED OF AS A PINT OF PUKE
OR A QUART OF SNOT
PHLOP
GAG!
WHY JUST THE THROWAWAY ALUMINUM CANS YOU DISPOSED OF LAST YEAR ARE MORE DANGEROUS TO YOUR OWN SURVIVAL THAN NINE GALLONS OF FEOTID PUS
WATTA JOB
SPLASH
UNFORTUNATELY, EVEN IF YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, YOU'LL STILL, MOST LIKELY, DIE IN THE NOT TO DISTANT FUTURE FROM SOME EFFECT OF THE HAPHAZARD DISPOSAL OF INDUSTRIAL EFFLUVIUM INTO THE AQUATIC ENVIORONMENT
I'M GLAD I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON.

FIRE PLUG FUNNIES

© 1969 ALAN SHENKER



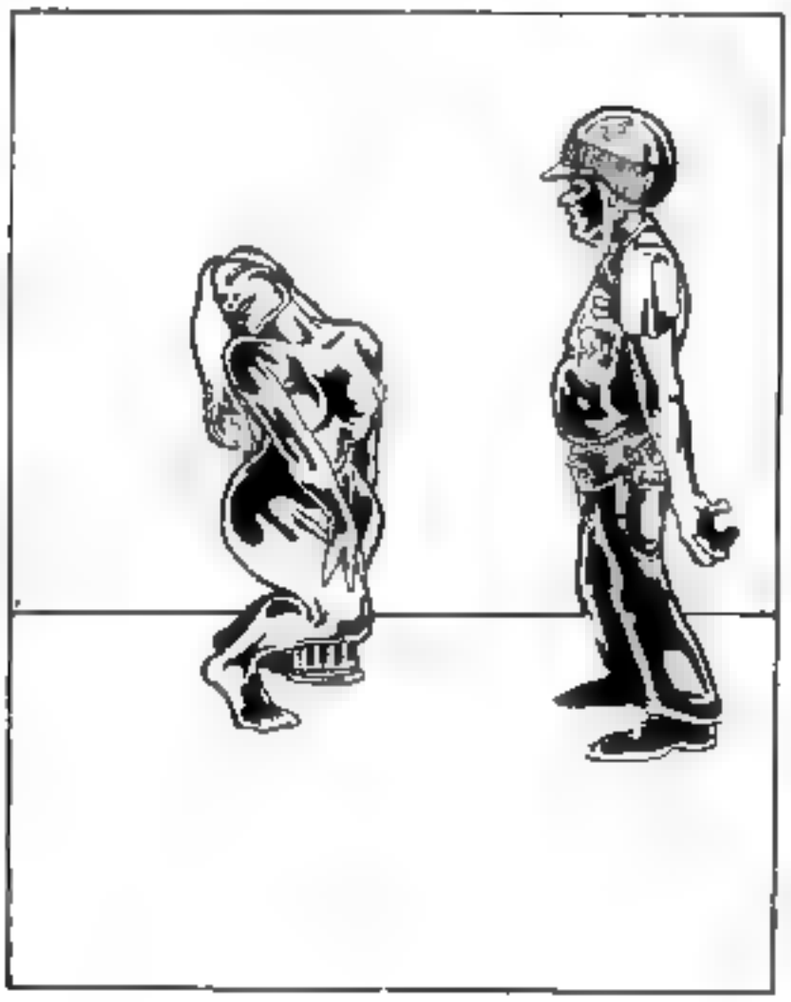












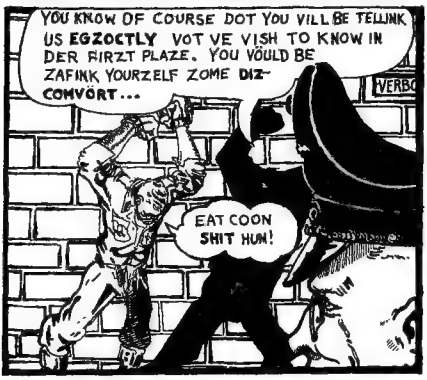


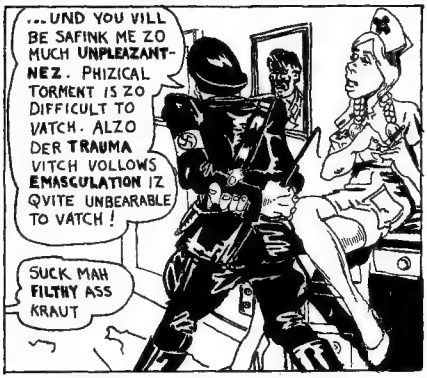

KABAM
FUNNY NAZIS
GET ME MORE POLACKS!
VE GOT NO MORE POLACKS SIR!
DEN GET ME ZUM JEWS OR PAPER TARGETS.
MAYBE VE GOT ZUM NIGGERZ?
ULP
YOSSARIAN
©1971

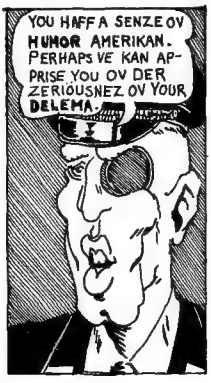

FUNNY NAZIS
DOTS ALL VOLKS!
WHO'S VAS DOT HORSEVHIP I SAW YOU MITT LAZT NIGHT?
DOT VAS NO HORSEVHIP. DOT VAS MY KNIFE!
CLACKITY CLACK
SCHULTZ
©1971 YOSSARIAN

FUNNY NAZIS

© 1969 A. SHENKER






























FUNNY NAZIS
BELIEVE ME AMERIKAN I AM NOT BEINK CALLED "MAD MAN MOLTKE" FOR NOTHINK
I AM NOT KNOWN FOR MY SENZE OF HUMOR
"MAD MAN MOLTKE"
JA BOSS!
THE BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN
UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA
DONT FUCK WITH US
©1971 YOSSARIAN
S.F.
NOW LISTEN TO FUNNY NAZIS ON RADIO
DETAILS AT LOCAL BUNDS OR CHECK RADIO LISTINGS
YOU SEE HERE VAT OUR SURGEONS HAFF IN MIND FOR YOU MADAMOISELLE
SURELY YOU CAN RECOGNIZE YOUR FORMER FIANCE
MUNICH 1944
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
COLETTE SLUTCH CHOKE
ALLARD GAG !!
FIRZT VE REMOVE ALL DER BONES.
UND DEN VE INJECT ACID UNDER DER ZKIN TO DIZZOLVE DER INZIDES.
UND DEN VE TAKE YOUR SKULL UND MAKE FROM IT VUN ZNAPPY INKVELL.
HAH!
YOU SICKEN ME FRENCH BITCH!
ERZATZ, PLEAZE TAKE CARE OV THIS FOUL CREATURE!
OH! SOB MONSIEUR PLEEZE, YOU CAN NOT DO ZEES TO ME. I WILL DO ANYTHEENG HERR MOLTKE ANYTHEENG!!
YOU BOSCH ARE ZO VIRILE. SOB
SHOOT HER!!
SQUEEEEL
JA BOSS!
GNNNNG!
SPLAT
ZUT
ACHTUNG!!
KERACK
PLINK
YOU KNOW ERZATZ AT TIMES I HATE MY WORK
JA BOSS.
DO YOU THINK DOT VE VILL HAVE...
BYE BYE BIG BEN
...PERMENANT DAMAGE TO OUR PSYCHES AFTER DEALINK MITT SUCH...
...DEPRAVED, DEGENERATE PEOPLE?
JA BOSS.



FUNNY NAZIS

by YOSSARIAN

"MAD MAN MOLTKE" and ERSATZ (THE BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN) in

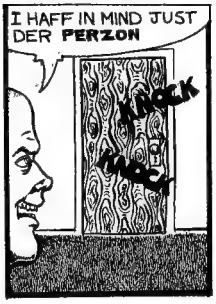
ATSA SPICY MEATBALL















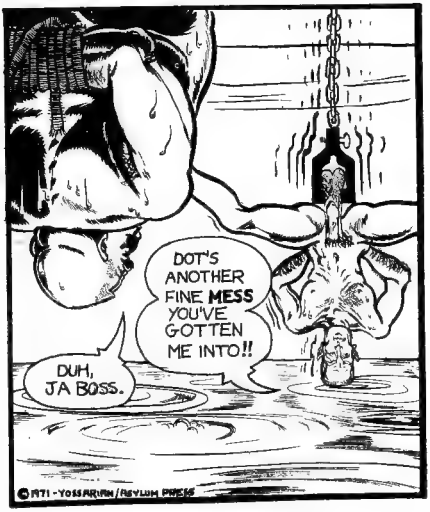













ERSATZ, I THINK IT IZ TIME FOR DER HOT LEAD ENEMA.
JA BOSS!
FUNNY NAZIS
with "MAD MAN MOLTKE" and ERSATZ (the BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN) in "HOT PANTS"
"LOS ANGELES"
UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA
DON'T FUCK WITH US
YOU COME FROM BROOKLYN JOE?
EAT JEW SHIT KRAUT PIG!
YOU ARE MAKINK A JOKE MITT ME, YES?
I'LL SEE YOU ROAST IN HELL!
I DON'T THINK YOU VILL BE QVITE ZO FUNNY MITT YOUR ASSHOLE FULL MITT MOLTEN LEAD
ERSATZ, DER FUNNEL!!
SHPILL DER LEAD IN DER FUNNEL
JA BOSS
YOU CANT DO THIS?
LIZZEN JOE, DIS IZ HURTINK ME MORE DEN IT'Z HURTINK YOU!
MARTZ 27
YOU GOD DAMN FUCK!
WAIT!! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!!
...THE GENEVA CONVENTION!!
OOH! OOH!! YOU LOUSY SHITS!
YOU'VE RUINED ME?
ARRGH

ERSATZ, I THINK IT IZ TIME FOR DER HOT LEAD ENEMA.

JA BOSS!

FUNNY NAZIS

BY YELLARRRR

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA

YOU COME FROM' BROOKLYN JOE?

EAT JEW SHIT *KRAUT* PIG'

YOU ARE MAKINK A **JOKE** MITT ME YES?

I'LL SEE YOU **ROAST** N HELL!

SHPILL DER **LEAD** N DER FUNNEL

JA BOSS

YOU CANT DO **THIS**?

I DON'T THINK YOU VILL BE QVITE ZO **FUNNY** MITT YOUR ASSHOLE FULL MITT **MOLTEN** LEAD

ERSATZ DER **FUNNEL!!**

LIZZEN JOE, DIS IZ HJRTINK ME MORE DEN T Z HURT,NK YOU!

MARTZ 27

WAIT!! I KNOW MY RIGHTS !!

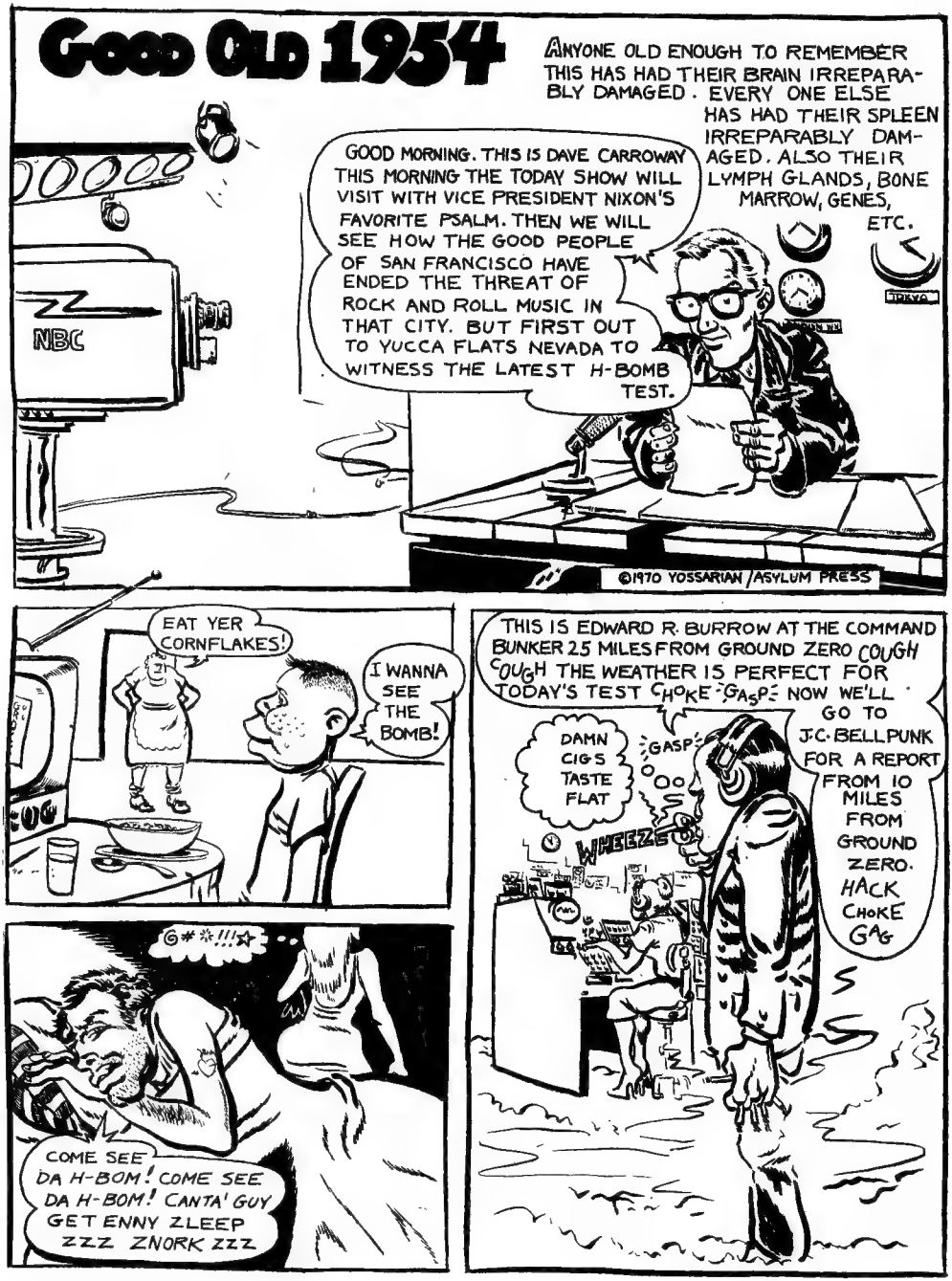
.. THE GENEVA CONVENTION!!

OOH! OOH!! YOU LOUSY SHITS!

YOU'VE **RUINED** ME?

ARRGH

YOU **GOD DAMN** FUCK!


GOOD OLD 1954
ANYONE OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THIS HAS HAD THEIR BRAIN IRREPARABLY DAMAGED. EVERY ONE ELSE HAS HAD THEIR SPLEEN IRREPARABLY DAMAGED. ALSO THEIR LYMPH GLANDS, BONE MARROW, GENES, ETC.
NBC
GOOD MORNING. THIS IS DAVE CARROWAY THIS MORNING THE TODAY SHOW WILL VISIT WITH VICE PRESIDENT NIXON'S FAVORITE PSALM. THEN WE WILL SEE HOW THE GOOD PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO HAVE ENDED THE THREAT OF ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC IN THAT CITY. BUT FIRST OUT TO YUCCA FLATS NEVADA TO WITNESS THE LATEST H-BOMB TEST.
©1970 YOSSARIAN / ASYLUM PRESS
EAT YER CORNFLAKES!
I WANNA SEE THE BOMB!
@#☆!!!☆
COME SEE DA H-BOM! COME SEE DA H-BOM! CANTA' GUY GET ENNY ZLEEP ZZZ ZNORK ZZZ
THIS IS EDWARD R. BURROW AT THE COMMAND BUNKER 25 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO COUGH COUGH THE WEATHER IS PERFECT FOR TODAY'S TEST CHOKE GASP NOW WE'LL GO TO J.C. BELLPUNK FOR A REPORT FROM 10 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO. HACK CHOKE GAG
DAMN CIGS TASTE FLAT
GASP
WHEEZE


THIS IS J.C. BELLPUNK 10 MILES FROM GROUND ZERO. IF WE LOOK THROUGH THESE BINOCULARS WE CAN JUST SEE...
THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS CHAINED DOWN AT GROUND ZERO. THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE RUMORS OF MEMBERS OF MINORITY GROUPS BEING CHAINED DOWN HERE. OF COURSE NOT, THEY'RE CHAINED A GOOD HALF MILE DOWN THE ROAD
WE'RE 10 SECONDS FROM DETONATION ...9, ...8, ...7, ...6, ...5, ...4, ...3, ...2, ...1, ...
BAROOMFROONCH
I THINK WE HAD ENOUGH MUSHROOMS CHARLIE.
YOU BETCHUM.
PEACE
VOOTIE?
OK. YOU KIDS YER GONNA BE LATE FER SCHOOL. JOEY!! STOP BEATIN' ON YER BRUDDER.

A HARRY DULOUZ ADVENTURE

The GRIM REEFER

©1970 YOSSARIAN ASYLUM PRESS

I HAD JUST CLEARED UP THE MANSFIELD "ICE" CASE AND WAS GETTING SOME WELL EARNED SACK TIME SO I WAS UPSET WHEN THE PHONE SHATTERED THE AIR AT 3 AYEM

RRIZZNNG

OWWW!!

GODAMN MOTHERFUCKIN-COCKSUCKER TURD LICKIN-SON OF A SICILIAN WHORE!!

CRASH DRIP BANG SPILL

THIS BETTER BE GOOD OR I BREAK YER FUCKIN' MOUTH!! WHAT? OH, CHIEF. YEAH I SEE ILL GET RIGHT ON IT. YEAH, YEAH...

YA WANNA BUY A PIZZA?

BZZT.. ZORT PLIZZT.. FOO

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER TRICIA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY REVOLUTIONARIES LED BY MY ARCH ENEMY, THAT MEXICAN BASTARD, EMILIO FLOURIDE.

EMILIO FLOURIDE? DON'T THEY CALL HIM "THE TRASHER OF THE SIERRA MADRES"?

ONE AND THE SAME.

A QUICK BOUT WITH A RUSTY SCHICK IS FOLLOWED BY A CAREFULL CHECK OF THE SILVER LADIES IN THE CLIP OF MY WEMBLEY .402 CAL. GUT SPREADER

MY NAME IS HARRY DULOUZ I WORK FOR WASHINGTON

IN THE SHORT TIME IT TOOK ME TO REACH THE OFFICE THE NEWS HAD BEEN LEAKED TO THE PRESS.

I HOPE THOSE PENCIL PUSHERS DIDN'T BLOW THIS ONE.

EXTRY!!! EXTRY!! TRICIA NOXIOUS KIDNAPPED BY SEX CRAZED HIPPIES!

GEE THANKS MR. DULOUZ.

OH MR DULOUZ!! THE CHIEF SAID TO LET YOU RIGHT IN.

THERES ONE HONKY BASTARD AH'D LIKE TA SHOW A GOOD TIME!

HMMM... THE CHIEF DIDN'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT A RANSOM NOTE.

COL. RODNEY FRENDERGAST CHIEF U.S. SECRET POLICE OFFICE OF INTERNAL SEC

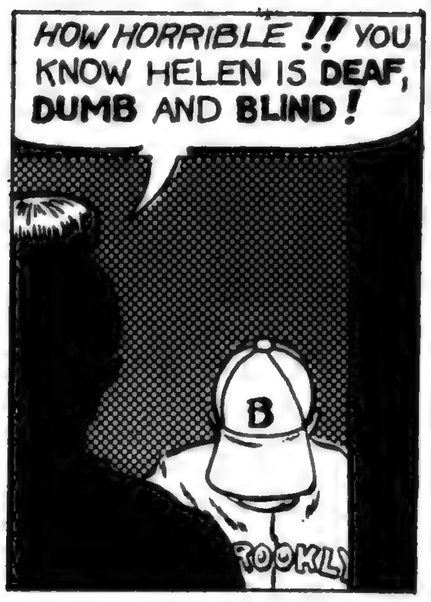
SECT 36/A

'LO CHIEF WHATS THE LOWDOWN ON THIS CAPER

TO BE CONTINUED


The GRIM REEFER
A HARRY DULOUZ ADVENTURE
OKAY CHIEF, WHATS THE SCAM ON THIS CAPER?
YARGH!!
NO IGOR IT'S DULOUZ!!
©1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM
SMASH
DUH, I'M SOR-RY HAR-RY. I DON'T THINK SO GOOD NO MORE HARRY.
MOAN... NO I WOULDN'T BETRAY THE YEW ESS OF AY FOR ALL THE SEDUCTIVE BROADS YOU BEEN PARADING BEFORE ME YOUR HIGHNESS. HUH, WHAT? WHERE AM I?
DID I HURT YOU HAR-RY DID I?
YOU SIT HERE HAR-RY. I'LL GET YOU A DRINK. DID I HURT YOU HAR-RY?
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS DULOUZ.
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE DULOUZ. TRICIA NOXIOUS WAS KIDNAPPED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE WHILE SHE SLEPT LAST NITE. THIS NOTE WAS FOUND ON HER BED UNDER HER "WINNIE WET" DOLL
WE got the KID we will talk only to HARRY DULOUZ HAVE him COME to PIER 31 6 AM
STOP THE PIG STP SERVE THE PEOPLE
HERE'S YOUR DRINK HARRY. YOUR REG-U-LAR SCOTCH AND LA-VOR-IS HAR-RY
ARE YOU MAD AT ME HAR-RY
I DON'T THINK SO FAST NO MORE.
WE FOUND THIS IN THE NOTE. A MARIJUANA CIGARETTE WRAPPED IN A FOTO OF PRESIDENT NOXIOUS
THE TRADEMARK OF MY PERSONAL ENEMY, THAT ARCH FIEND EMILIO FLOURIDE
DULOUZ, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE UP FOR THAT UNPLEASANT MATTER IN FIJISTAN.
I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO EXPLAIN THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS CASE.
I CAN HANDLE THESE PEOPLE SIR
OKAY MY BOY YOU'D BETTER GET OUT TO PIER 31 ... OH, AND DULOUZ.
YES CHIEF?
BLOW THIS ONE AND I'LL HAVE YOUR BALLS!!
YES CHEEF!!
G'BYE HARRY. I DIDUNT HURT YOU, DID I HAR-RY?







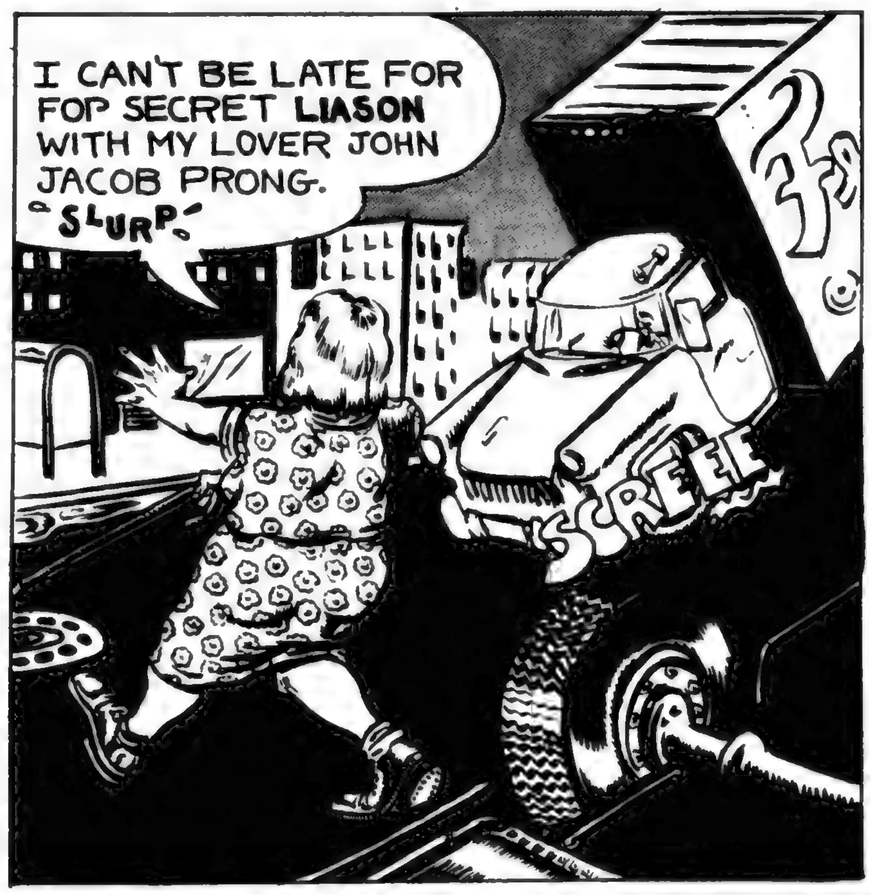
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF HELEN KELLER

GOSSARIAN

HELEN KELLER OVERCAME THE HANDICAPS LEFT HER BY A CHILDHOOD BOUT WITH SCARLET FEVER BECAME A VALUABLE MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY

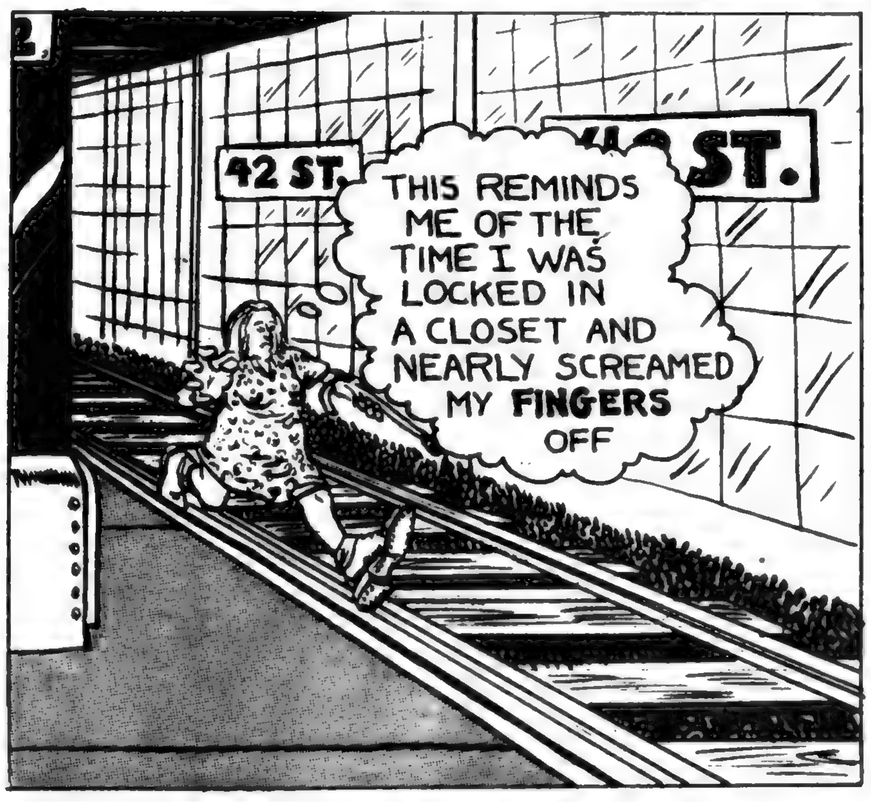


















Q: HOW DID HELEN KELLER BURN HER HANDS ?- **A:** TRYING TO READ A WAFFLE IRON


HOMBRE MAGNETICO
OUR HERO ANGEL FIGUEROA IS OUT FOR A WALK
HEY HIPPY !! WHY YOU DONT GOT NO BRA?
SCRATCH
HELP! HELP! BANK ROBBERS!
USURY NATIONAL BANK
BANG
AYE! DEES EES A JOB POR EL HOMBRE MAGNETICO!!
BUT FURST AH GOT TA PUT ON MAH SUPER SUIT.
BANG
NOW TA SAY 'DE WORD DOT MAKE ME MAGNET MAN.
MARICON!
THE UTTERANCE OF THIS OATH QUICKLY REARANGES THE DOUBLE BANDED HELIX OF THE DNA MOLECULE, LINING ALL FERROUS IONS INTO A CONTROLABLE SERVO ACTIVATED MAGNETIC FIELD THROUGHOUT ANGELS ENTIRE BODY
COME BAK THIEFS!
AHEEE
SCREECH
DUH... WE'S GOIN BACKWARDS AT 80 MILES A HOUR
MADRE DE DIOS!
SPLA
JOL BUS
© 1969 A.SHENKER

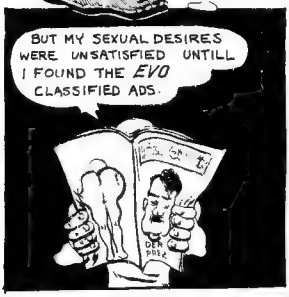
I GOT MY JOB THROUGH THE NEW YORK TIMES BUT I FOUND MY SEX OBJECT THROUGH THE east village OTHER

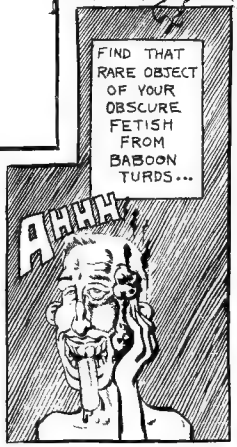
SAYS J. WILLIAM FREMISH



















OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

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THE OBSCENE PHONE CALLER CAN NO LONGER REST EASY WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACE. NEW PHONE COMPANY EQUIPMENT TOGETHER WITH BETTER POLICE METHODS ASSURE THE JUSTICE DESERVED BY SUCH SOCIAL DEVIATES



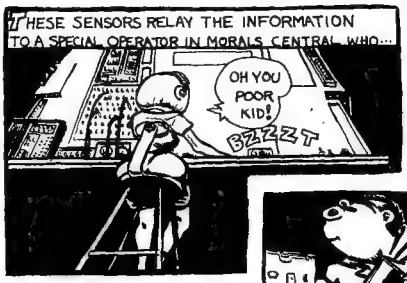
THE MODERN TELEPHONE UNIT DEVELOPED AND MANUFACTURED BY FESTERN ELECTRIC (A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF AMERICAN TELEPHLEGM AND TELEFRAZ.) IIS NOW EQUIPPED WITH DEVICES DESIGNED TO RID THE EARTH OF SUCH VERMIN.



WHENEVER AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL IS MADE SENSORS IN THE HANDPIECE DETECT THE INCREASE IN PERSPIRATION IN THE PALM

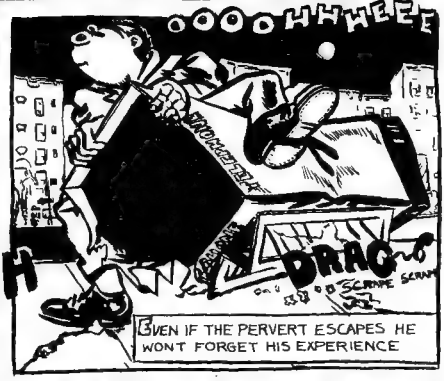


THESE SENSORS RELAY THE INFORMATION TO A SPECIAL OPERATOR IN MORALS CENTRAL WHO...



PRESSES TWO BUTTONS; ONE OF WHICH NOTIFIES THE POLICE





EVEN IF THE PERVERT ESCAPES HE WONT FORGET HIS EXPERIENCE

THE OTHER BUTTON CAUSES A DEVICE TO DROP DOWN FROM THE CALLERS PHONE AND...



CLAMP SECURELY ON HIS PENIS














NANCY KOTEX
AS A HIGHSCHOOL NURSE AND HYGIENE TEACHER I HAVE LEARNED MANY THINGS ABOUT TEENAGERS.
ARNOLD YOUR TEMPERATURE'S STILL NORMAL
YA' WANNA' TRY IT AGAIN?
CAN'T BE TOO CAUTIOUS
MOST PEOPLE THINK THAT TEENAGERS ARE ONLY WORRIED ABOUT FOOLISH THINGS LIKE ACNE, AND NOSES. THIS ISN'T TRUE MANY ARE WORRIED ABOUT IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE:
PASSING WIND.
WHAT? OH, STEVE.
STEVE, DON'T TELL ME THAT DIVISION HIGH'S STAR HALFBACK HAS PROBLEMS WITH INTESTINAL GASES
©1970 YOSSARIAN / ASYLUM PRESS
I DO; AND LET ME TELL YOU FLATULENCE IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.







LAY A FART, AND SUDDENLY IT'S SPRINGTIME

Flatu-ESSENCE

DEODORIZE YOUR HOUSE
WHILE RE-ODORIZE
YOUR GASSES

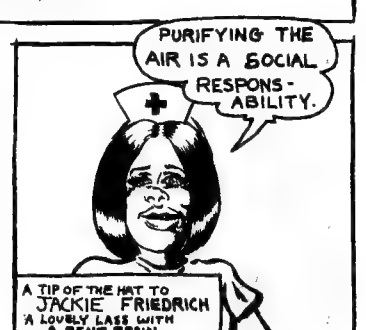


AVAILABLE IN 3 NEW SCENTS

- GREAT PINE
  fresh as all outdoors
- LEMON FRESH
  a pleasant citrus scent
- NEW CAR ODOUR
  for the commuter

AVAILABLE IN EITHER,
LIQUID OR,
SUPPOSITORY

ALSO FROM *Lady Dildoe*:
FEMFART
for the delicate female
intestinal Passages

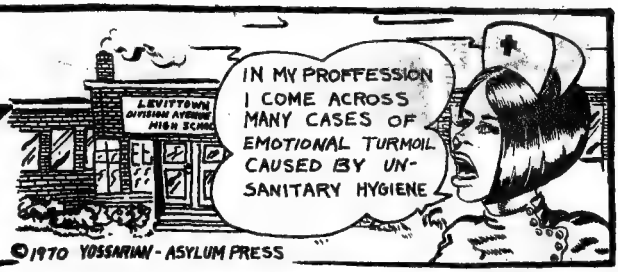



NANCY KOTEX
SOLVES A PROBLEM
IN MY JOB AS HIGHSCHOOL NURSE AND HYGIENE TEACHER I HAVE FOUND THAT SOME SOCIAL PROBLEMS MAY BE EASILY SOLVED
TAKE THE CASE OF SUE SMITH. SHE HAD DECIDED TO BECOME A BLOND. SUE LOVED HER NEW HAIR COLOR BUT SOON SHE FOUND SHE HAD A PROBLEM
OH GEE!! WHAT WILL I DO?
OFFICE
GOOD MORNING SUE. AREN'T YOU THE SADEYED SALLY TODAY? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
WELL MISS KOTEX... CAN... CAN I SEE YOU IN YOUR OFFICE?
© MTO YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM PRESS
THERES THE WHOLE PROBLEM. MY PUSSY HAIR IS DARK BROWN AND DAVY PHALLUS THINKS I'M A NATURAL BLOND.
AND SHORT OF SHAVING YOUR BEAVER YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.


WELL DONT WORRY SUE. LOOK AT THIS AD IN "LIFE" MAGAZINE FOR A NEW PRODUCT CALLED "PUBYLITE"! IT SAYS HERE THAT "IT WILL GIVE YOU AN ALBINO CROTCH TO MATCH YOUR PLATINUM TRESSES
WOW MISS KOTEX I'LL GET SOME RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL!
LATER THAT NITE
GEE SUSAN!! YOU EVEN TASTE BLOND
REALLY DAVEY?
CAUTION: MAY CAUSE CANCER, BLINDNESS, LEPROSY, AND, OR HEMORRHOIDS
Another fine product from LADY DILDOE
YOU'RE NOT BLOND UNTIL YOU TASTE BLOND

NANCY KOTEX

HIGH SCHOOL NURSE
AND HYGIENE TEACHER



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TWINKLE TWAT AND PUSSY PURE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE DOW CHEMICAL CO. WHO ALSO BRING YOU:

SLIME & SLUDGE FOR YOUR TOILET, BEAUTY BASIN FOR YOUR SINK AND NAPALM FOR YOUR BABY



ALSO: PUSSY © PURE

FOR SWARTHY, HAIRY, MEDITTERANIAN AND AFRICAN TYPES

WATCH FOR NANCY KOTEX ADVENTURES COMING IN: *FRESH FRUIT & PRODUCE*

STOP! V.D

TO BE A HIGH SCHOOL NURSE ONE MUST HAVE **MORE** THAN MEDICAL TRAINING. WORKING WITH THE DIFFICULT PROBLEMS OF CHILDREN IN **PUBERTY** DEMANDS AN INTUITIVE ABILITY IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, ALONG WITH THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON THE PATIENCE OF JOB AND THE **COMPASSION** OF OUR BELOVED **SAVIOR**.

PERFORM: EMERGENCY AMPUTATIONS?

NancyKotex

HIGH SCHOOL NURSE & HYGIENE TEACHER IN

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

LOSSARIAN

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA

"DONT FUCK WITH US"

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KARIN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

OOH!

OFFICES

I'LL BE OKAY MISS KOTEX. I JUST FELT A LITTLE **FEINT**. UH... MISS KOTEX, COULD YOU HELP ME WITH A **PROBLEM** I HAVE

OF COURSE COME INTO MY OFFICE

I HAVE THIS DREAM **EVERY** NIGHT...

IT KEEPS ME **AWAKE**.

I'VE ONLY HAD **SIX** HOURS SLEEP IN THE LAST WEEK

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...

HEY BITCH!

.. I'M WAITING FOR A SUB-WAY VERY LATE AT NIGHT

THE TRAIN IS LATE, THEN JUST AS IT COMES INTO THE STATION

MY NIGHTS ARE DARKER THAN MY DAYS

THIS BLACK GUY PUSHES ME ONTO THE TRACKS

SUCK THIRD RAIL WHITE CUNT!

CLACKITY

THE TRAIN GETS CLOSER...

AND ALL MY CLOTHES ARE RIPPED OFF

THEN I LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER...

AND THE TRAIN TURNS INTO A GIANT PRICK

I FALL TO THE TRACKS EXHAUSTED

AND THEN I WAKE UP **SCREAMING**.

OH KARIN, THIS TYPE OF **FANTASY** IS COMMON AMONG GIRLS YOUR AGE. THE PROBLEM IS EASILY **SOLVED**.

SANITARY NAPKINS, PLEASE!!

JUST TAKE ONE OR TWO OF **THESE** BEFORE RETIRING!

A BANANA A DAY KEEPS THE I.R.T. AWAY!

NANCY KOTEX

WHENEVER A CASE OF BUREAUCRATIC BUNGLING SHOWS UP IT IS WIDELY PUBLICIZED, BUT WHEN A GOVERNMENT AGENCY DOES A FINE JOB IT GOES LARGELY UNNOTICED. HERE IS A GOOD EXAPLE; THE DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS.

STANTON HOSPITAL

AMBULANCE

AMBULANCE

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A TIP OF THE HAT TO D.A.LATIMER

WHEN NEW YORK'S LIBERALIZED ABORTION LAW WAS RECENTLY INTRODUCED THE EXPERTS WERE AMAZED TO FIND THAT 97% OF ALL THE WOMEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 11 AND 40 WERE CONSTANTLY IN NEED OF ABORTIONS

HA! NOOKIE NOOKIE FRAZ!! GLOOP

MY FREN' EMILY SEZ YOU GIVE FREE RECORDS?

WHILE THE DIFFICULTY OF PERFORMING A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF ABORTIONS WAS OVERCOME WITH THE DEVELOPEMENT OF NEW SURGICAL TECHNIQUES A PROBLEM STILL REMAINED

PLACENTA

THESE HOSPITALS FOUND THAT THEY WERE LEFT WITH HUGE AMOUNTS OF PLACENTAS AND FOETUSES TO DISPOSE OF

ORDINARILY THE DEPARTMENT WOULD HAVE TO PASS THIS COST OF DISPOSAL BACK TO THE ALREADY OVERBURDENED TAX-PAYER; BUT THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS IS NO ORDINARY BUREAUCRAT. HE IS MALCOME TENT A MAN OF VISION



LET HIM EXPLAIN HOW HE DEVISED A SCHEME TO TURN A PROBLEM INTO AN ASSET

IT SEEMED CLEAR TO ME THAT THESE FORMS OF HUMAN WASTE HAVE A CERTAIN INTRINSIC VALUE AS ORGANIC MATERIAL. ONCE THIS BECAME OBVIOUS I SET ABOUT SEEING IF THESE PLACENTAS AND FOETUSES WERE MARKETABLE

IN NO TIME I NEGOTIATED A CONTRACT WITH A SMALL ASIAN COUNTRY WHO'VE AGREED TO BUY ALL OF OUR SMALL FOETUSES TO USE AS FERTILIZER FOR THEIR RICE CROP

BEFORE I TURNED AROUND I HAD A CONTRACT WITH THE SPAULDING COMPANY TO BUY ALL OUR PLACENTAS.



THEY USE THEM AS BLADDERS FOR THEIR FOOTBALLS AND BASKETBALLS

WE SELL A FAIR AMOUNT OF FOETUSES DURING THE SEASON AS FISHING BAIT

SMALL FOETUSES SEEM TO DRAW ATLANTIC BLUEFISH LIKE MAGIC

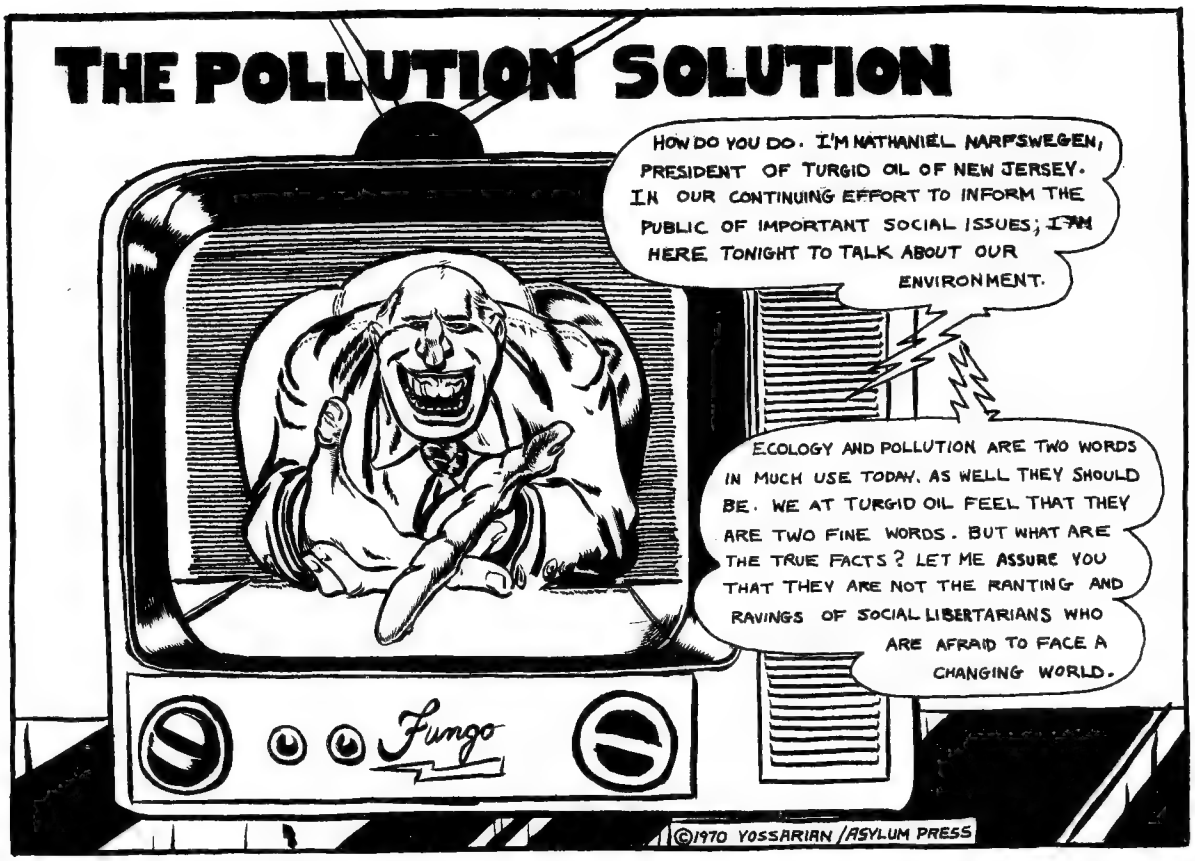


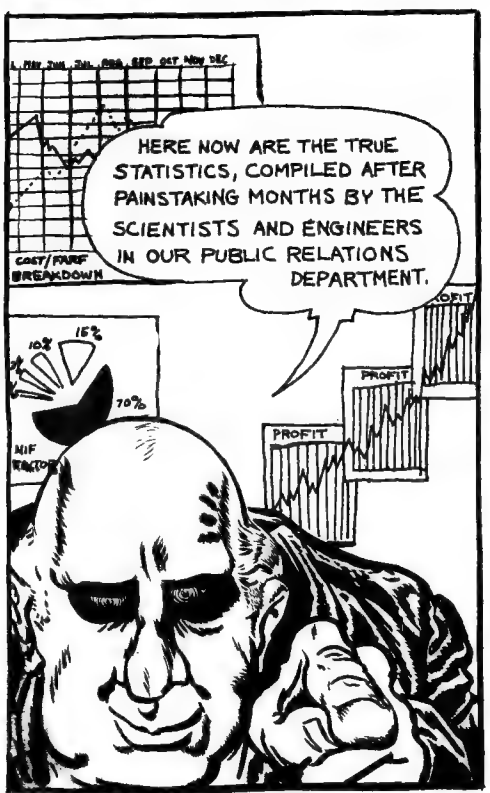
WE'VE EVEN FOUND THAT WE CAN SELL SMALL AMOUNTS AT RETAIL PRICES TO INDIVIDUALS SUCH AS ARTIST ANDY WARHOL WHO FOUNDED THE "FETUS ART MOVEMENT"

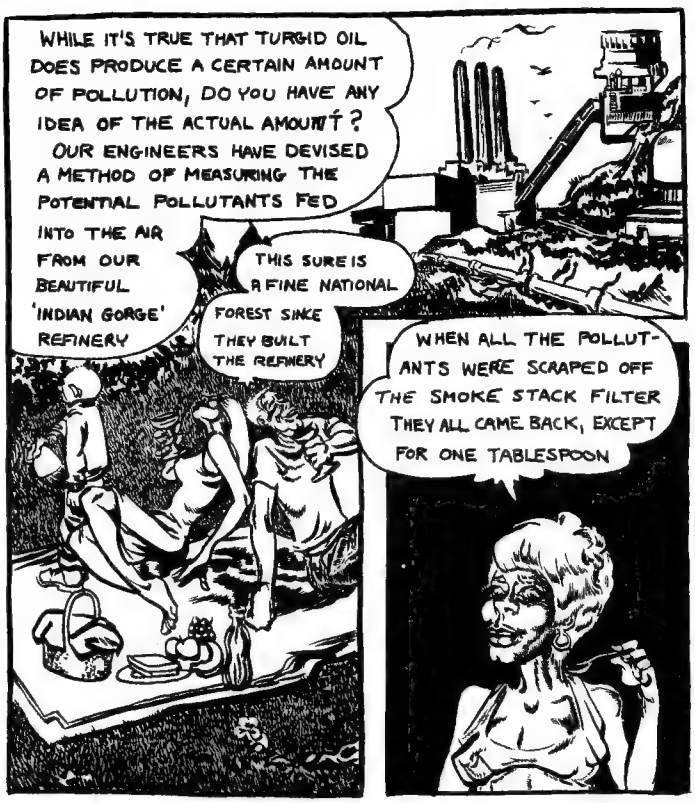
RIGHT NOW THIS MONEY IS BEING USED TO FIGHT CANCER

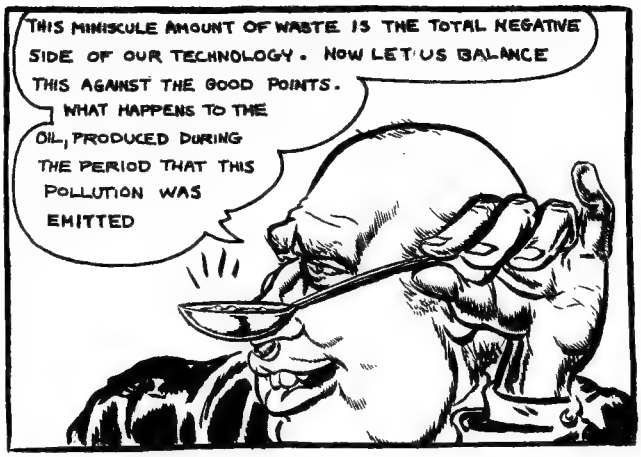
SO NOW YOU SEE THE ATTEMPTS OF ONE GOVERNMENT AGENCY TO SUPPORT ITS OWN OPERATION NEXT WEEK WE'LL SEE WHAT THE DEPARTMENT OF MORGUES IS UP TO

THE POLLUTION SOLUTION



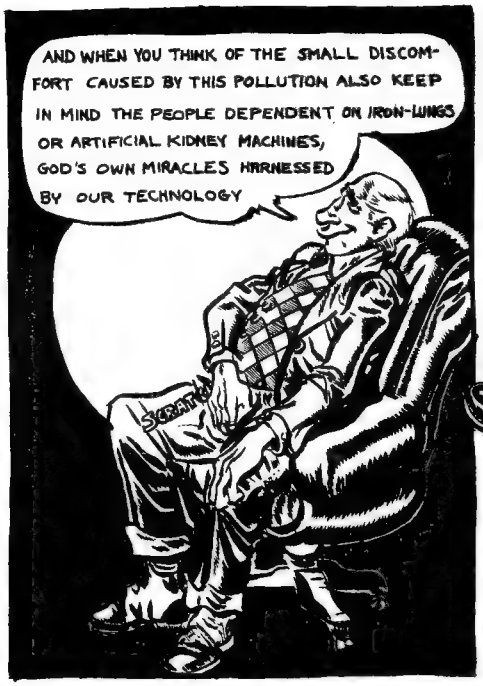





THIS MINISCULE AMOUNT OF WASTE IS THE TOTAL NEGATIVE SIDE OF OUR TECHNOLOGY. NOW LET US BALANCE THIS AGAINST THE GOOD POINTS.
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE OIL, PRODUCED DURING THE PERIOD THAT THIS POLLUTION WAS EMITTED


THE POOR CHILDREN OF OUR MOTHER OF PENITENCE ORPHANAGE WOULD SPEND A CRUEL WINTER WITHOUT THAT OIL...
YALE
FARNUM
Mets


THE MOTHER OF LITTLE WOODROW WILSON GARCIA CAN WORK AT HER NIGHT JOB IN THE RAG COMPANY SECURE IN THE KNOWLEGE THAT LITTLE WOODROW WILL NOT BE ATTACKED BY RATS AS LONG AS AN ELECTRIC LIGHT IS ON.
THIS ELECTRICITY IS PRODUCED, OF COURSE BY BURNING TURGID OIL.


AND WHEN YOU THINK OF THE SMALL DISCOMFORT CAUSED BY THIS POLLUTION ALSO KEEP IN MIND THE PEOPLE DEPENDENT ON IRON-LUNGS OR ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY MACHINES, GOD'S OWN MIRACLES HARNESSED BY OUR TECHNOLOGY


JUST WHO ARE THE REAL VILLAINS IN THE POLLUTION PROBLEM? WE WOULD BE SMART TO LOOK TOWARDS THE COMMUNISTS OF BOTH THE WEST AND THE EAST AS WELL AS THE JEW AGITATORS ON OUR CAMPUSES, AND THE UPPITY BLACKS AND LATINS. NOT TO MENTION WOMENS LIBERATION.

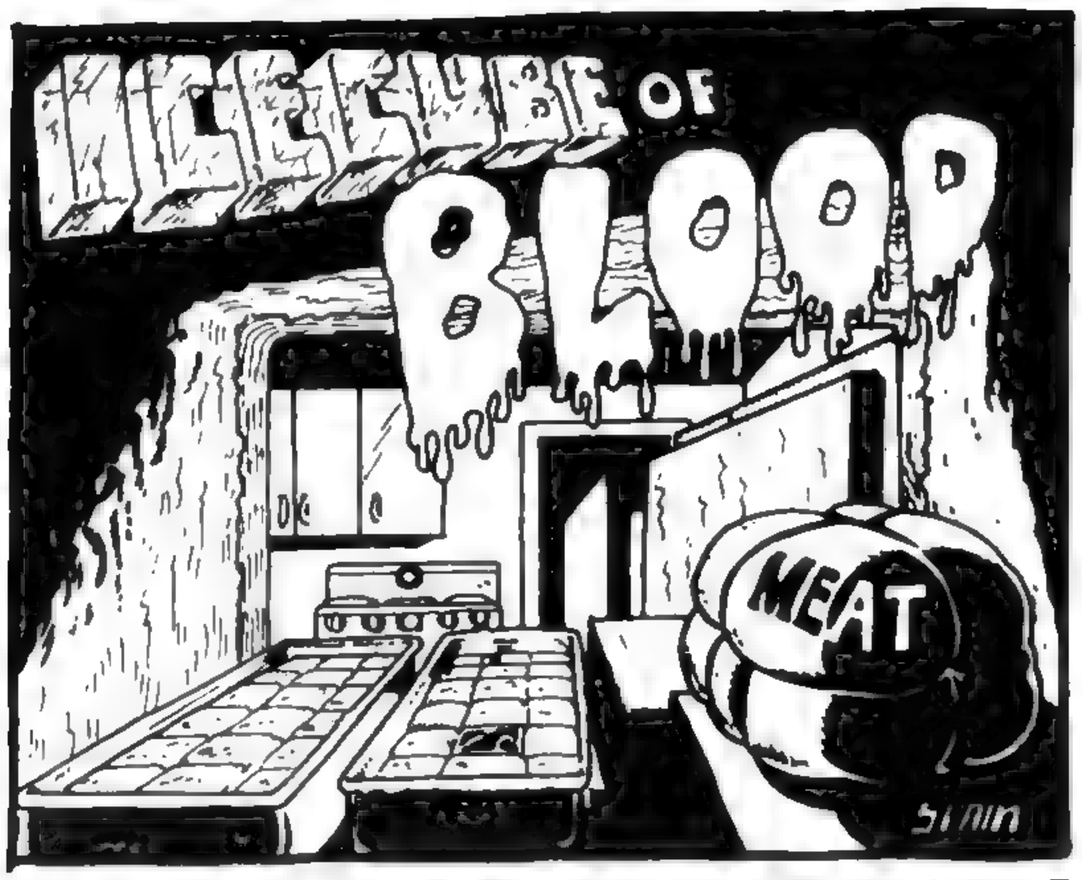
TERROR IN THE MORGUE

CHUCKLE CHUCKLE I HOPE YOU CAN GET YOUR SPINE BACK INTO YOUR NECK AFTER THAT LAST STORY KIDS. HEE HEE

NOW WE HAVE ANOTHER STORY TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD. SPEAKING OF COLD BLOOD HERE'S A STORY BY SPAIN CALLED...

YO-YO

REPRINTED FROM SPAIN'S INSECT FEAR AVAILABLE FROM HERE TO HIDIUM









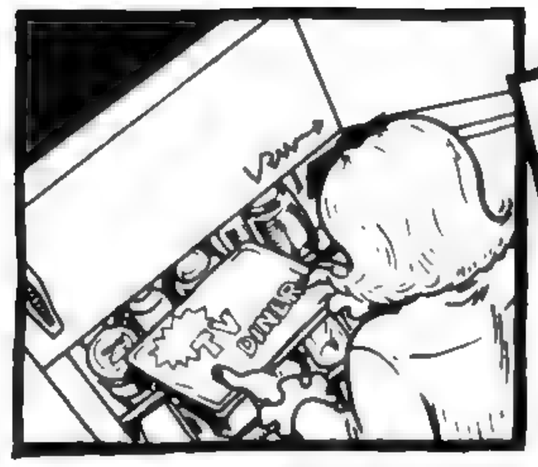







BANG
SPLOSH
KUNG
3D

@*!!@?*


TV DINNER

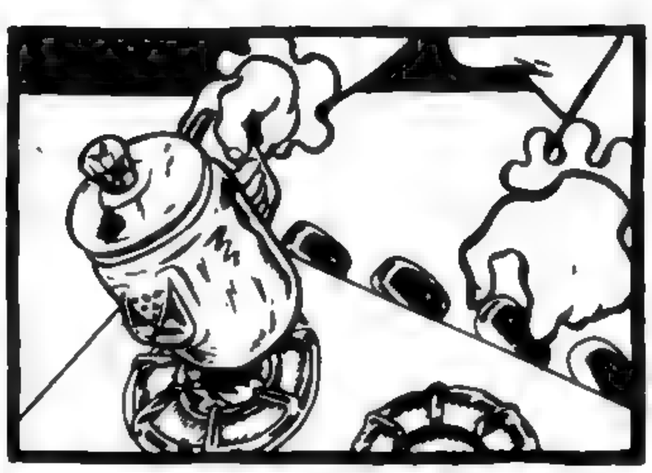

FUMBYL
DAMMIT


OUCH! THAT DAMN JAR OF SANKA HIT ME RIGHT IN THE EYE


LATER
BOY THAT REFRIGERATOR MUST HATE ME
OOOH MY POOR DEAR


THAT NITE
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SLAM


THE NEXT DAY
CHUCKIE WILL BE HOME SOON, I THINK I'LL FIX HIM SOME ICED TEA






NOW FOR SOME NICE ICE CUBES


DUM DUM DE DUM


MY THATS ODD ...A RED ICE CUBE


WHY ITS BLOOD!..... IT'S AN ICE CUBE OF BLOOD!

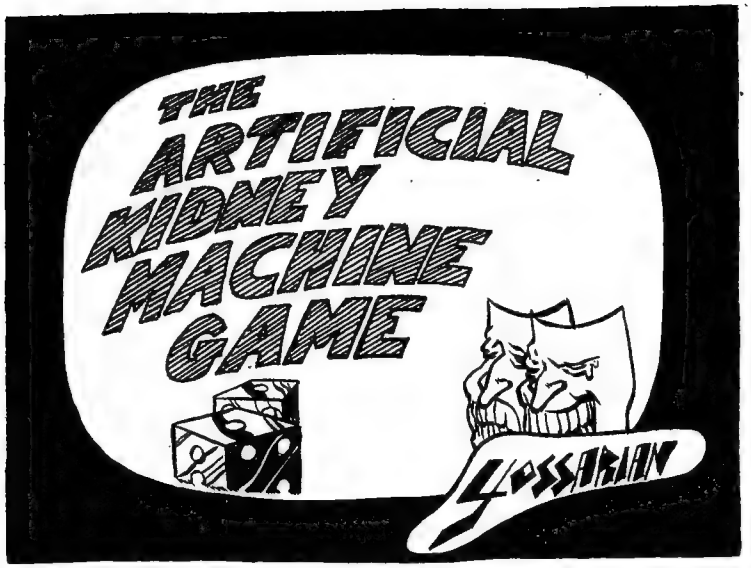

I DON'T KNOW I'M JUST AFRAID!
AW THAT BLOOD MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE TRAY WHEN YOU CUT YOURSELF!

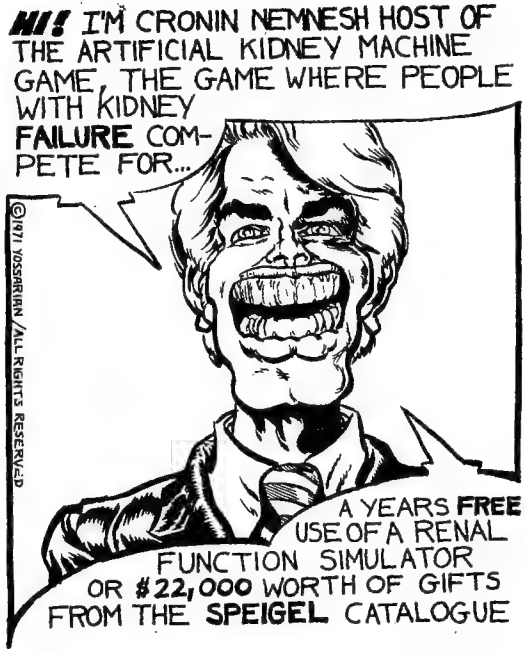

THAT EVENING
HI HONEY IM HOME

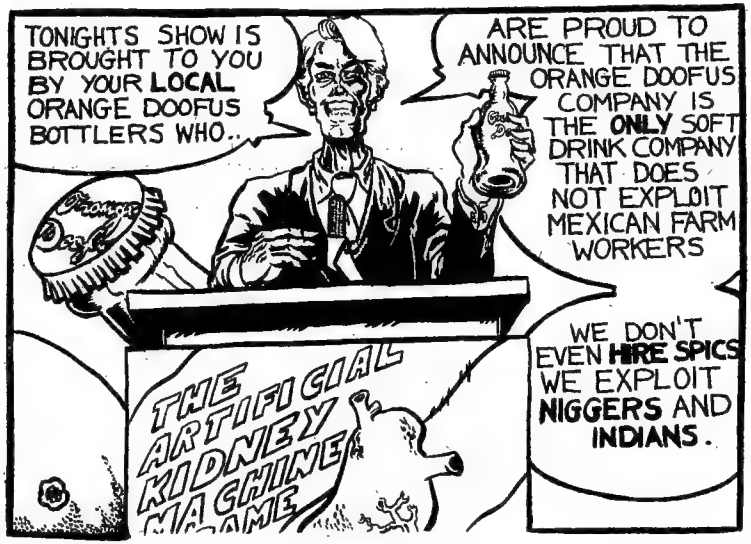

HEY SWEETIE WHATS FOR... NO IT CAN'T BE GASP!


CHOKE
LOOK! SHE WAS A CLUMSY BROAD ANYWAY
GAG


HAR HAR CHOKE SPUTTER- THAT WAS ONE LITTLE LADY WHO WAS REALLY COOLED OFF. HEH HEH HOPE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE NEXT WEEK WHEN WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE ELECTRIC FAN HEE HEE.
Yo-yo


THE ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY MACHINE GAME
YOSSARIAN


HI! I'M CRONIN NEMNESH HOST OF THE ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY MACHINE GAME, THE GAME WHERE PEOPLE WITH KIDNEY FAILURE COMPETE FOR...
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A YEARS FREE USE OF A RENAL FUNCTION SIMULATOR OR $22,000 WORTH OF GIFTS FROM THE SPEIGEL CATALOGUE


TONIGHTS SHOW IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR LOCAL ORANGE DOOFUS BOTTLERS WHO..
ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE ORANGE DOOFUS COMPANY IS THE ONLY SOFT DRINK COMPANY THAT DOES NOT EXPLOIT MEXICAN FARM WORKERS
WE DON'T EVEN HIRE SPICS WE EXPLOIT NIGGERS AND INDIANS.
THE ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY MACHINE GAME


NOW LETS INTRODUCE THIS WEEKS PANEL OF JURORS SELECTED FROM LAST WEEKS STUDIO AUDIENCE.


SANFORD YEATS IS A CITY COUNCILMAN OF BERKELY CALIFORNIA.
FUCK DIS SHIT!
CLAP
FROM STATEN ISLAND WE HAVE MARTIN BERNSTIEN GURU, TEACHER, MIDWIFE AND RECORD BOOTLEGGER
AINT THIS THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW?
CLAP
CLAP
... AND MRS. GINGER SHINGLER OF PONTIAC MICHIGAN. GINGER IS ACTIVE IN THE ANTI-BUSING MOVEMENT IN PONTIAC.
HI BUZZY HI MARTIN AN' GRANMA.
AND NOW LET'S INTRODUCE THIS WEEKS CELEBRITY JUROR, THAT BEAUTIFUL BLONDE ACTRESS, YOU REMEMBER HER AS "CAT BALLOU" AND "BARBARELLA" THAT BOMBSHELL DAUGHTER OF HENRY AND BROTHER OF PETER, LET'S HAVE A BIG HAND FOR...
MISS JANE FONDA.
ARGH!!
LET ME AT THAT SEXIST FUCKER!
CLAP CLAP
BUT FIRST A WORD FROM ORANGE DOOFUS
NEW DIET DOOFUS YOU'RE TERRIFIC!!
SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET: 732 COMMON CANCER SIGNS.
CANCER SIGNS
CBC
THE CONGLOMERATE BROADCASTING CO.


NOW BEFORE WE INTRODUCE THIS WEEK'S CONTESTANTS LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE FABULOUS MACHINE THAT CAN MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN USEFUL LIFE OR A HEINOUS FORM OF DEATH TO PEOPLE WITH SEVERE KIDNEY DISFUNCTION.
THE PFIZZER KIDNEY DIALYSIS UNIT WILL BE PLACED IN THE FAVORITE HOSPITAL OF OUR WINNER COURTESY OF THE JAMES PFIZZER CO., LINCOLN NEBRASKA.
THIS IS THE MARK VIII MODEL WITH SUCH FEATURES AS THE PLATINUM RENAL BYPASS, AND A SYNCHRONOUS GRIBNEY VALVE HEADS.
DO NOT PRESET FUMBRIL COAGULATOR UNTIL FARFNAGEN MAINTAINS BODY TEMP
J. PFIZZER CO.
MK VIII DIALYSIS UNIT
EMERGENCY SPHINCTER NUBBINS
WHIRRRRRRR
TONIGHT'S FIRST CONTESTANT IS JASON WURLINGER A HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL FROM LAZLO VERMONT.
WHIRRRRR
MR. WURLINGER HAS BEEN A VICTIM OF NEPHRITIS FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND NOW WITH COMPLETE
KIDNEY FAILURE, THE SPECIALISTS SAY IF MR. WURLINGER CANNOT BE PLACED IN A DIALYSIS UNIT WITHIN THE WEEK IT WILL BE TOUGH TITTY...
WHAT DOES MR. WURLINGER WISH TO SAY TO THE JURY AND THE VIDEO AUDIENCE JUDY?


MR. WURLINGER PROMISES THAT IF HE IS TONIGHTS WINNER HE WILL DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO SPREADING THE WORD OF JESUS
CLAP
CLAP
IN ALL HIS FREE TIME HE INTENDS TO WORK WITH YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS TO FIGHT THE MENACE OF DRUGS...
AND IN ANY REMAINING MINUTES HE FINDS HE WILL COLLECT MONEY FOR HIS FAVORITE CHARITY THE U.S.O.
CLAP
...EVENINGS HE'LL SPEND CORRESPONDING WITH LEGISLATORS IN THE CAUSE OF WORLD PEACE.
VERY MOVING MR. WURLINGER. GOOD LUCK TO YOU IN THE FINAL COMPETITION. LETS HAVE A BIG HAND FOR MR. WURLINGER; AND ANOTHER ONE FOR JUDY LAMOCHA OUR OWN MISS KIDNEY MACHINE!
MMF... HIM HAVE
THE ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY MACHINE
SQUEEEL
NOW BEFORE WE INTRODUCE OUR NEXT CONTESTANT LET'S LISTEN TO A WORD FROM OUR ALTERNATE SPONSOR YAHOOTI BURGER.
PRESET HETRODYNE AT LOWEST FIBLINGER RANGE WHEN LOAD TESTING WEMBLEY STAGES
CORVAL FONTULES

KRUNK

RAININ' IN MY HEART ALL BECAUSE W...

SNAP

WELL HOLY SMOKE AND SAKES ALIVE WHO'DA THOUGHT THIS COULD HAPPEN TO....

CRACK

FINAL SOLUTION

BY

WUN HUNG LOW

AND THE 1000 MONKEY BITES

U.N.C.W.A. TAKE SHIT ON LOCAL UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA

HIS MIND WANDERS TO TWO WEEKS AGO

HOLY COW CANT YOU SEE MY PURSUIT OF INNER PURIFICATION NEEDS EVERY NUANCE OF MY ATTENTION

DENTAL FLOSS

ZWIT ZWIT

GODAMMIT IM FED UP

WHEN YOU CLEANED OUT THE JOHN THIS MORNING YOU LEFT BROWN RING AGAIN **YOU GET OUT THERE** AND **CLEAN IT UP** OR ILL REPORT YOU TO MY **WOMENS GROUP** AND THATS **FINAL!**

ONLY KRISHNA IS IMPORTANT !!!

WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?** **STOP** THIS VERY MOMENT

IVE HAD QUITE ENOUGH **HILDEGARD**

KAY SYRUP

NOW MAYBE I CAN ATTAIN THE **SIXTH** LEVEL OF AWARENESS

PATTER PATTER

SKRUNCH

SLURP

CRACK

SOME OF THE FINEST MUSIC FROM THE RECENT PAST

GOODNUSS GRASHUS GREAT BALLS O' FIRE

MMF

GONE, THE **MOMENTOS** OF OUR TRAGIC LOVE.

THLOP

MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET BELOW

NO SHIT?

THAS RIGHT AH WAS IN JAIL WITH CONWAY TWITTY

THATS RIGHT **OFFICER JOE**, HES HAD YOUR DAUGHTER UP THERE FOR TWO AND A HALF **WEEKS!**

WHY THAT **JIBLY JIVE ASS!** OF ALL THE **FUCKIN CRUST!**

SIZZUL

EAT MOLTEN DEATH PIG FUCKER!!

YAAAAAGH

SPLOT

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DIRGE OF SPACE

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A TIP OF THE HAT TO DICK YOUNG

THE YEAR IS 2,968 AND THE FIRST INTERSTELLAR EARTH EXPEDITION BREAKS THROUGH THE TIME GRID AT THE APPROACH TO THE OMEGA 3 SOLAR QUADRANT

THE TARGET OF THE MISSION IS THE PLANET GRINGO$_2$R THE THIRD PLANET IN THIS ALIEN SOLAR SYSTEM. COMPUTERS ON EARTH HAVE PREDICTED POSSIBLE LIFE ON THIS DISTANT ORB

A HANDPICKED INTERNATIONAL TEAM OF ASTRONAUTS HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THIS MISSION

CAPTAIN NICK SPUNK HARD-NOSED EXPEDITION COMMANDER

NATASHA TITSANASSKI FEMINIST ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

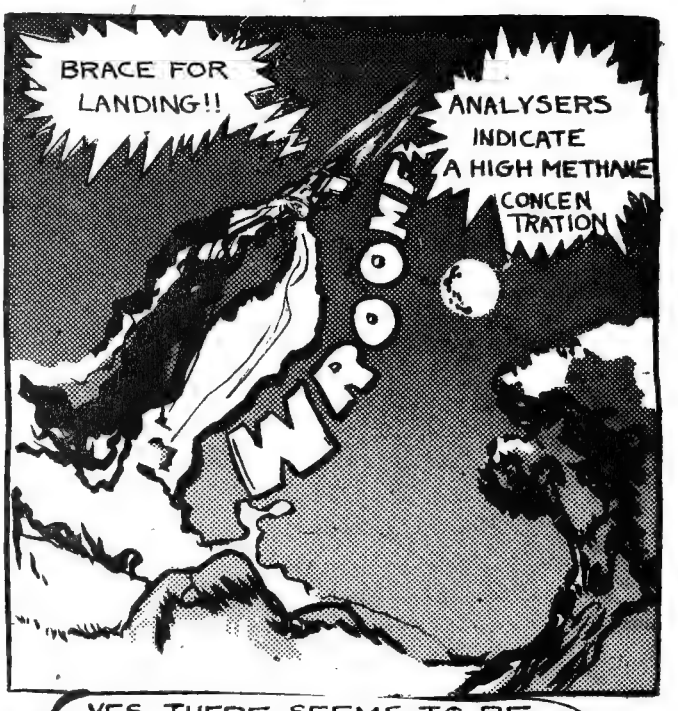
DR. IVOR FÄHRTE NOBEL PRIZE WINNING BIOLOGIST

GEORGE WASHINGTON "X" BLACK MILITANT ASTRO PHYSICIST

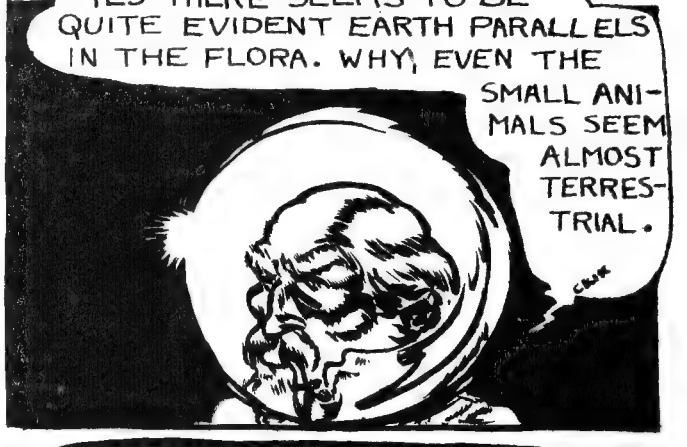
DR. LIN PAO BUCKINGHAM NUCLEAR EXPERT

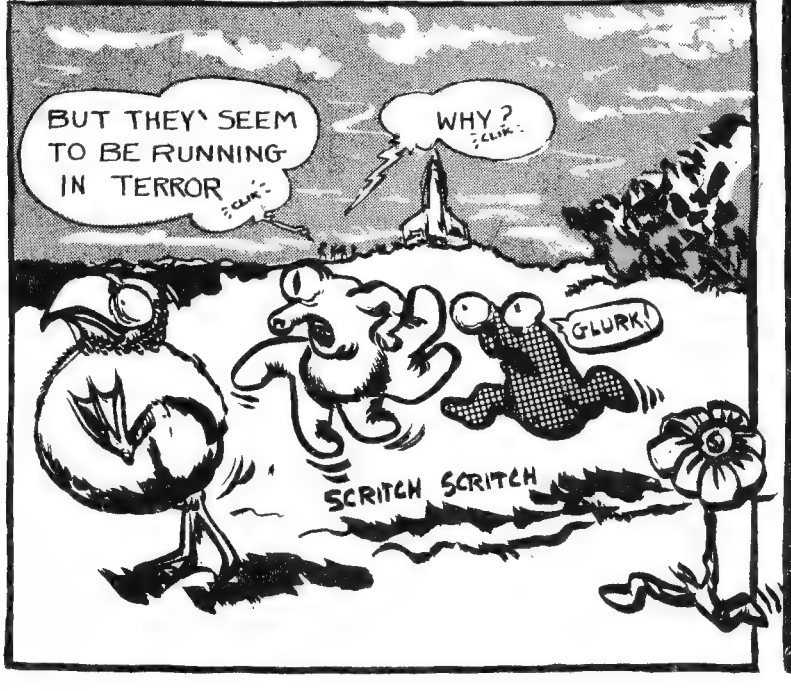
IGOR PIROGI MISSION SANITATION ENGINEER


HOT DAMN!! VERE GETTINK CLOSE.
CHINK.
CHINK


BRACE FOR LANDING!!
WROOM!
ANALYSERS INDICATE A HIGH METHANE CONCEN TRATION


WHY IT'S AMAZING, THERE ARE HIGHLY EVOLVED LIFE FORMS!!


YES THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE EVIDENT EARTH PARALLELS IN THE FLORA. WHY, EVEN THE SMALL ANI-MALS SEEM ALMOST TERRES-TRIAL.
CLUK


BUT THEY SEEM TO BE RUNNING IN TERROR
CLUK
WHY?
CLUK
GLURK!
SCRITCH SCRITCH

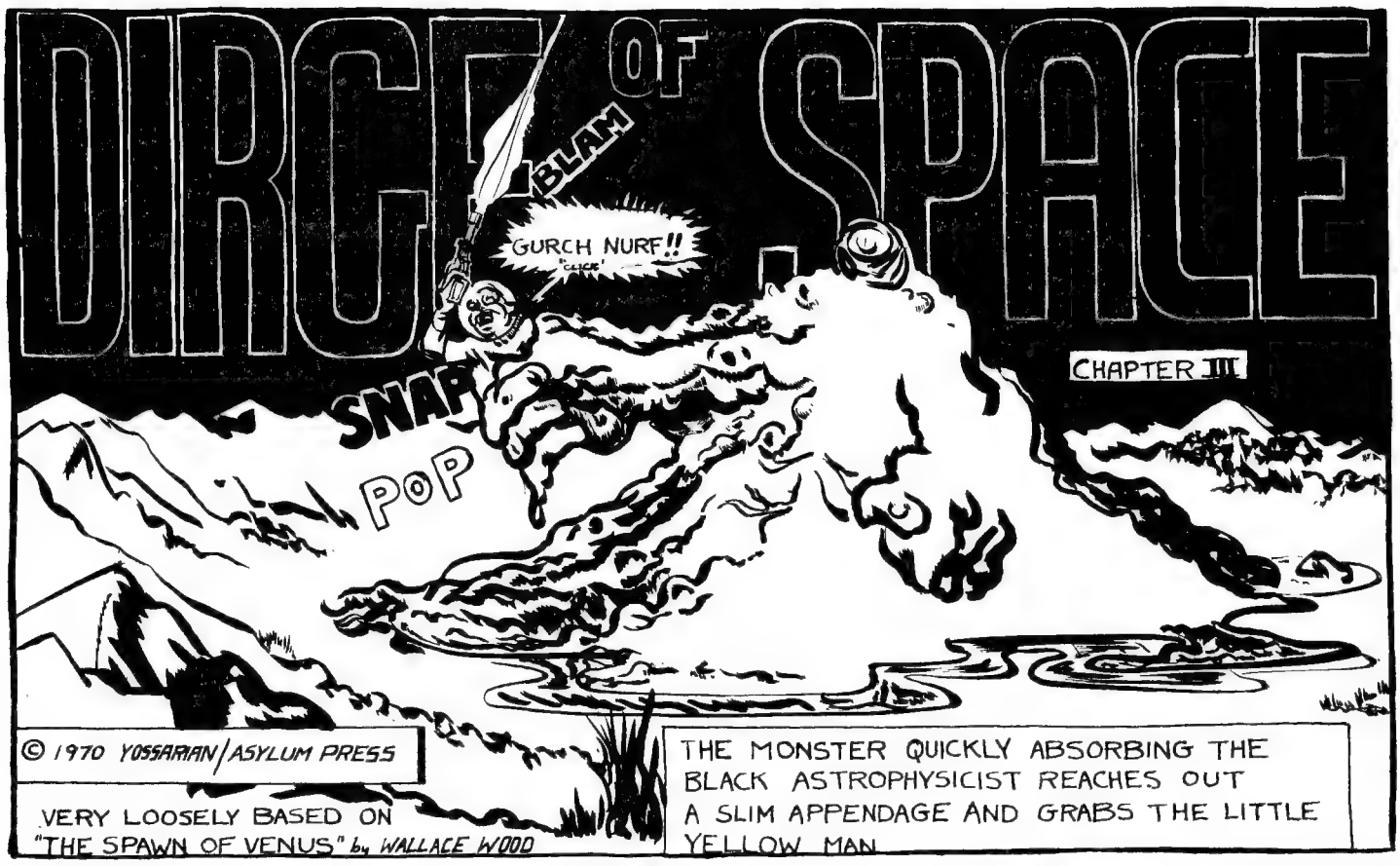

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING COMING OVER THAT HILL...
OH MY GOD IT'S...
AIEEE!!
CLUK
COMING NEXT TWEEK YECCH!


DIRGE OF SPACE
CHAPTER II
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MY GOD COMING OVER THAT HILL! WHY IT'S AIIEE!!
CLICK
SO YOU DIDN'T BUY EVO LAST WEEK! NOW YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS GOING DOWN
TOUGH SHIT
RUMBLE
IT'S HORRIBLE! A GIANTIC SLIMY CREATURE SLIDING ALONG DESTROYING ALL LIFE IN IT'S PATH!
CLICK
ERK! ERK!!
HOLY SHIT, IT SENSES OUR PRESENCE! BEST MOVE OUR ASSES.
CLICK


FEETS DO YOUR STUFF OOPS! CLICK
TRIP
HO HO BLACKIE LET'S MOVE CHOP CHOP!! CLICK
RUN FOR IT CHINK MY ANKLE'S BUSTED. CLICK
HO HO DONT YOU WOLLY YOU SELF WE FIGHT TOGETHER. CLICK
HOHO BULLETS BOUNCE LIGHT OFF CLEATURE CLICK
HO HO I WISH I NEVER LEAVE MAINLAND CLICK
BLAM
BLAM
HO HO MONSTER'S GOT THE SPADE BETTER MOVE CHOP CHOP!
ARRRGH!! CLICK
CRUNCH
NEXT WEEK: MORE HORROR

DIRGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER III



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VERY LOOSELY BASED ON "THE SPAWN OF VENUS" by WALLACE WOOD

THE MONSTER QUICKLY ABSORBING THE BLACK ASTROPHYSICIST REACHES OUT A SLIM APPENDAGE AND GRABS THE LITTLE YELLOW MAN








IF THAT WERE TRUE, PIROGI WOULD BE DEAD. HE'S A POLLACK.
MARK
SWEEEEEP...
DROP
PLINK
SPLASH
PLINK
BLEED
BLEED
PLINK
OOZE
OOZE
PLINK
SPRANGEL
DO YOU TAKE THIS AS AN INDICATION OF SOME SORT OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE
I'M NOT SURE... WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO EARTH.
BIRTHDAY CLUB WINNERS THIS WEEK ARE
DOMINICK CAPATO . LENNY SCHWARTZ . CHARLIE FRISK
NEXT WEEK - "SOUVENIR"

DRAGE OF SORROW

SADDENED BY THE RECENT DEATHS OF THEIR 4 COMRADES CAPTAIN SPUNK AND DR. TITSANASKY DECIDE TO CUT SHORT THE MISSION OF "FARFEL II" AND RETURN TO EARTH

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ALL THOSE MONTHS OF TRAINING GONE TO WASTE

HEY LOOK AT THAT PLANT!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER! AND THERE'S A BUD ALMOST READY TO BLOOM.

LET'S BRING IT BACK TO EARTH!

WHY OF COURSE!

AT LEAST ONE GOOD THING SHOULD COME FROM THIS MISSION

HMM... THE Δ5 SECTION OF THE Θ^2 SUB ASSEMBLY INDICATES BREAKDOWN

WHICH ASSEMBLY IS THAT?

IT'S YOUR DAMN KOTEX MACHINE.

BIRTHDAY CLUB "CUBBIE" WILSON, ELI HIRSHBURGER, PEPE CESARE; LITTLE MOON; "SHATZY" KALTENBRUNNER

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR THE BIRD TREMBLES AND THEN LIFTS ITSELF FROM THE PLANET OF TERROR AND FASTENS ITSELF TO THE INVISIBLE UMBILICAL TO EARTH. TWELVE HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN THOUSAND MOVING PARTS AND A BROKEN KOTEX DISPENSER

FARFEL CONTROL THIS IS FARFEL II... WE ARE READY TO BEGIN COUPLING PROCEDURE.

CONTROL TO FARFEL II. LOOKS GOOD FROM HERE.

BEGINING INSERTION FARFEL CONTROL. OOH! OOH!

TELEMETRY INDICATIONS ARE ALL POSITIVE AND GO FARFEL II

OOH! OOH! AHH! INSERTION COMPLETE FARFEL CONTROL.

FARFEL CONTROL TO FARFEL II. SORRY NICK WE LOST TELEMETRY CONTACT DURING THE LAST PHASE. CAN YOU RE-PEAT COUPLING PROCEDURE

UH... LATER FARFEL CONTROL. LETS DO SOME SPACECRAFT MANEUVERS. NOW

AS WE LEAVE THIS SLEEK SHIP HURTLING TOWARDS THE WOMB OF THE MOTHER PLANET WE TAKE PAUSE TO WONDER IF THIS IS THE FINALE OF OUR STORY. HAVE WE FINISHED A TALE UNDERSCORING THE DANGERS OF SPACE EXPLORATION... "DONT GET YOUR BOOBS"

DIRGE OF SPACE

THIS NEW DYLAN ALBUM SUCKS.

THE STARSHIP "FARFEL II" RETURNS TO EARTH AFTER A DISASTEROUS VOYAGE TO OMEGA 3, WHERE 4 OF THE 6 MEMBER CREW WERE SNUFFED

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THE ONE POSITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE MISSION IS THE AQUISITION OF A UNIQUE PLANT WITH A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER AND AN UNOPENED BUD WHICH HAS BEEN PACKED FOR THE RETURN VOYAGE

AFTER LONG MONTHS OF FLIGHT THE SLEEK SHIP RETURNS TO THE FRIENDLY IF UNWHOLESOME TERRESTRIAL ATMOSPHERE

ROAR!!

FOR NATASHA AND NICK THE BOREDOM IS NOT YET OVER. BEFORE THEY CAN ONCE AGAIN FROLIC WITH THEIR FELLOW MEN THEY MUST ENDURE A MONTH OF ISOLATION WITH ONLY EACH OTHERS COMPANY

BOY I SURE MISS PIROGI AND DOCTOR FAHRTE

YEAH. AND THE SPADE AND THE CHINK.

BIRTHS. "CASEY" DAUGHTER OF KIM DIETCH AND TRINA ROBBINS - CONGRATS

BUT SOON EVEN THIS LAST TEST ENDS AND OUR HEROES ENTER A WORLD OF ADULATION. THE CH EXECUTIVE OF THE UNITED WORLD "EL NIXON XXIV GREETS THEM AND AWARDS THEM MEDALS

WITH FULL REMEMBRANCE OF THE NOBLE SACRIFICE MADE BY THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CREW I DECLARE THIS MISSION A SUCCESS. I ALSO DECLARE THAT GRAPEFRUITS ARE ANIMALS; AND THAT SHIT DOESN'T SMELL.

THE TWO ASTRONAUTS ARE ADORED BY THE PUBLIC WHICH LAVISHES GREAT AMOUNTS OF ATTENTION AND MONEY UPON THEM

LIFE

FEAR AT THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE

IT WAS JUST AWFUL JOHNNY.

BUT SOON THE ATTENTION OF THE CROWD SHIFTS TO OTHER SUBJECTS

DAILY NEWS

FINAL

AX MURDERER SLAYS 1,330

HIPPY SAYS: DUGEE IS MY GOD

SOON THE ONLY INTEREST IN THE FATAL VOYAGE OF FARFEL II IS IN THE LABORATORY WHERE THE SCIENTISTS AWAIT THE OPENING OF THE BUD ON THE "SPACE FLOWER"

DIRGE OF SPACE

The Fungus Among Us



GREAT INTEREST IS AROUSED THROUGHOUT THE WORLDS SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY AS THE "SPACE-FLOWER" FROM OMEGA 3; BROUGHT TO EARTH WHEN THE ILL-FATED MISSION OF FARFEL 2 WAS ABORTED; THRIVES IN THE ALIEN ENVIORONMENT OF A SECRET NEW JERSEY LABORATORY. RENOWNED SCIENTISTS GATHER TO AWAIT THE OPENING OF THE BUD.

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY WHEN THE BUD OPENS THE SOUL WITNESS IS THE CLEANING WOMAN YETTA KNISH





THE POOR WOMAN SOON FINDS OUT



AS THE SMALL PIECE OF SLIMY MATERIAL

QUICKLY ABSORBS HER BODY INTO ITSELF



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SLURCH
ARRGGHH GURGLE.


AND WHEN HELP FINALY ARRIVES
IT WAS TOO LATE.


THE CREATURE QUICKLY ADDS THE WORLDS GREATEST SCIENTISTS TO ITS RAPIDLY INCREASING MASS, THEN SETS UPON THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
CRACK
TOP SECRET

DIRGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER 7

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THE MONSTER SPAWNED IN THE SECRET NEW JERSEY LABORATORY FROM THE "SPACE FLOWER" QUICKLY GROWS AS IT DEMOLISHES TOWN AFTER TOWN IN ITS PATH TOWARD NEW YORK CITY.

FEW ESCAPE THE SLOW BUT RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF THE CREATURE

HNYARGH

THE POPULACE IS WARNED BY THE PUBLIC MEDIA

HERE WE SEE THE MONSTER ENGULFING A POOR OLD WOMAN WHO WAS TOO SLOW ON HER CRUTCHES

GURGLE

WHO PRODUCED THIS FLICK

FAR OUT!

SURE SNUFFED THAT OLD FUCKER

SOME UNFORTUNATES TOOK NO NOTICE AS THEY THOUGHT THE PROGRAMS WERE SOME FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT

THIS IS THE BEST STUFF THEY'VE HAD ON THE TUBE SINCE THEY STOPPED SHOWING "H" BOMB TESTS.

SUCK

SOON THE PATH OF THE CREATURE REACHES THE EDGE OF THE HUDSON RIVER AND WITH A FLAMING HOBOKEN BEHIND IT THE CREATURE COMES TO A STOP.

WILL THE MIGHTY HUDSON HALT THE ADVANCE OF THE MONSTER

A STRANGE UNEARTHLY VOICE SPLITS THE SILENCE AS THE MONSTER GESTURES TO THE HEAVENS

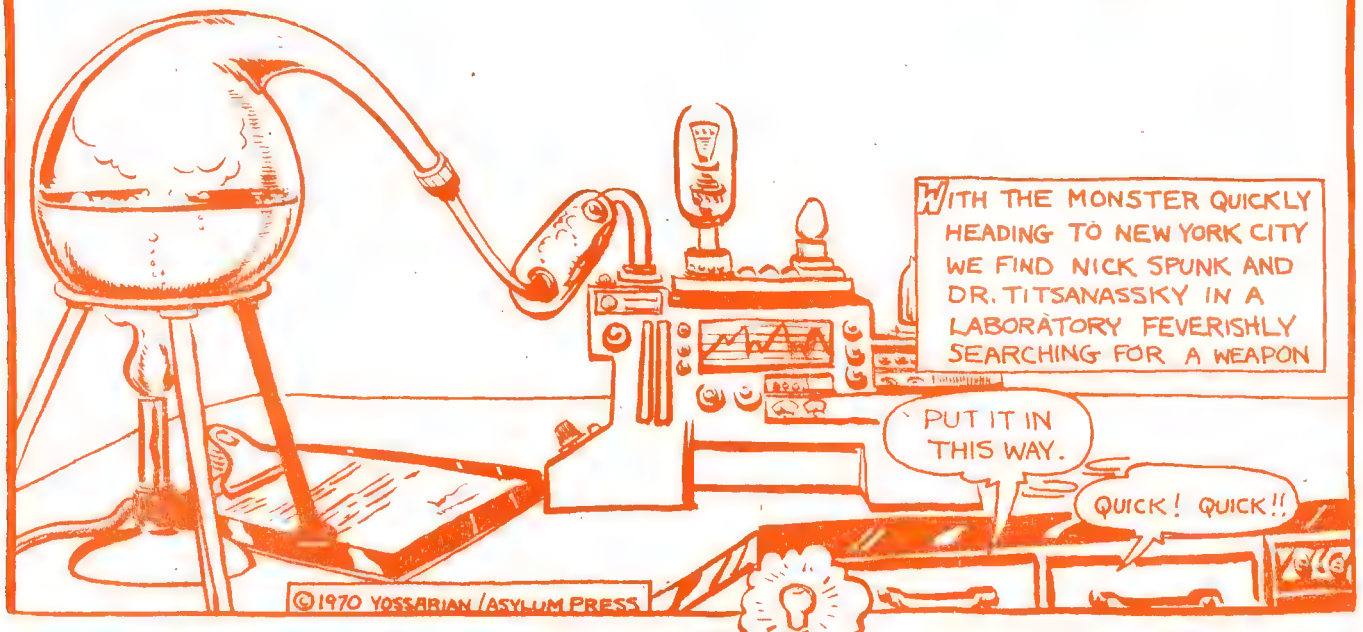
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נשר

THE HEAVENS ANSWER WITH A RAPID DARKENING OF THE SKIES, A PEEL OF THUNDER, AND THEN UNDER A MANTEL OF CELESTIAL LIGHT THE MURKY HUDSON RIVER STOPS IN IT'S JOURNEY, SHUDDERS MOMENTARILY THEN PARTS PROVIDING A PATH TO THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN

CAN NOTHING STOP THIS ACCURSED THING?

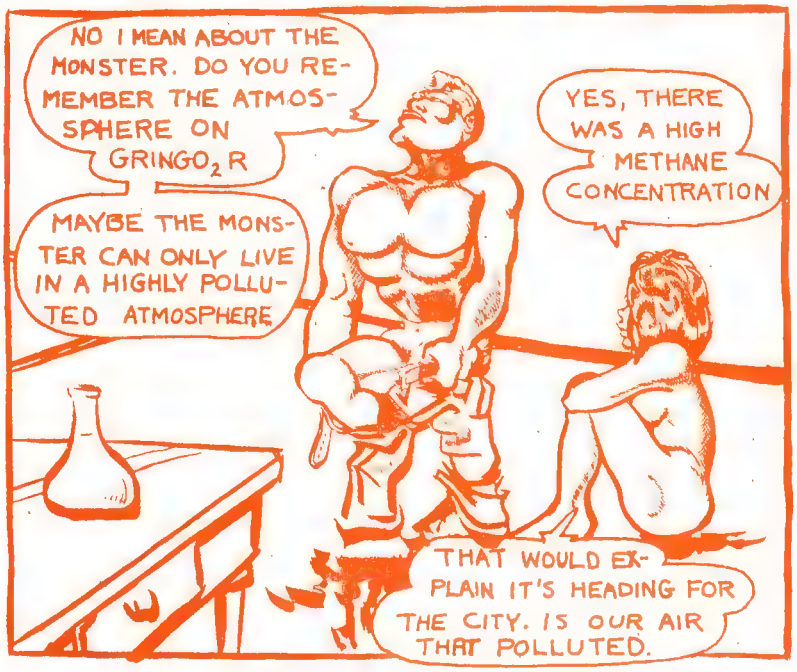
DIRGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER 8










DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN LAST WEEK?
DAILY NEWS
BROOKLYN SINGED
ENTIRE BOROUGH BALD AS ATMOSPHERE IGNITES
"INCONVENIENT" SAYS SALMANELLA VON SMOKEHOLE STAR OF HAIR
TO BE CONTINUED
FUCKIN' FREAKY MAN. I'M TRYING TO SCORE SOME SMOKE OFF THIS DUDE IN FLATBUSH. WE'RE SITTIN' AROUND TASTIN' THE SHIT WHEN THIS FUCKIN' FLASH BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOM AN' BURNS OFF ALL OUR HAIR. GODDAMNED PLACE STUNK LIKE BURNIN' CHICKEN FEATHERS. SO I BUY THREE KEYS OF THE DAMN SHIT FIGURING IT'S SOME WILD SMOKE MAN. WHEN I GET HOME I FIND OUT IT'S SHIT FROM JERSEY. WANNA DO SOME MORE METH?
OUCH PIGEY
I'LL FILL AN AEROSOL CAN WITH FRESH AIR THEN GRAB A HELICOPTOR TO THE CREATURE
MEANWHILE THE CREATURE TERRORIZES MID-TOWN MANHATTAN
THE CREATURE HAS REACHED THE "CORNISH FROG HOTEL FORTUNATELY ALL TENANTS HAVE BEEN EVACUATED
HELP!! I'M TRAPPED IN THE CORNISH FROG HOTEL.
UNFORTUNATELY THIS BEAUTY IS DOOMED BUT WHAT OF THE REST OF THE WORLD? WILL CAPTAIN SPUNK STOP THIS HORROR?
SEE CHAPTER IX

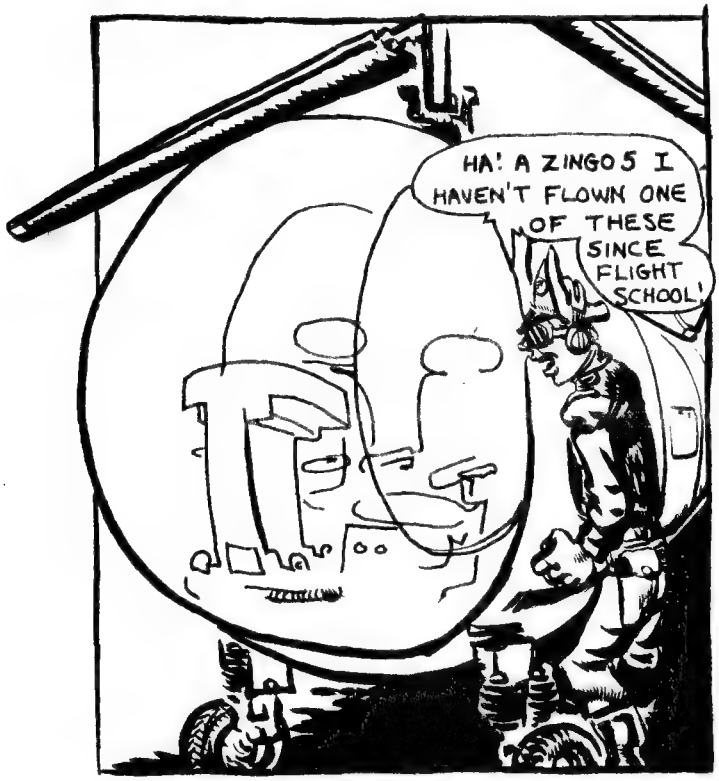
DIRGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER 9

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THE CREATURE'S GOT THE COP-TER. ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!
SPISSST
YECCCH!
IT WORKED! I'M COMIN' BACK IN. WE HAVE TO GET TO THE MAYOR
TAKE CHOMP CHOMP CARE SWEETS. MUNCH
WUP WUP
BRONCH
FLICK FLICK
FOO!
TINKLE
PLUNK
ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE CELESTIAL HORROR; BUT WILL THE EARTH BE SAVED? SEE THE FINALE NEXT WEEK


DIRGE OF SPACE
CONCLUSION
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NICK SPUNK HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE CREATURE; BUT THIS WAS NOT A VAIN GESTURE AS BEFORE HIS END HE DISCOVERED THE MONSTERS ONE VULNERABILITY
MORGUE
D.O.A
THEY SAID HE WAS FAMOUS.
DR. TITSANASSKY QUICKLY INFORMS MAYOR FIORELLO FAROUK OF THE SOLUTION
THAT'S ALL YA' GOTTA DO POOPSIE.
YA MEAN IF WE CLEAN DE AIR DE TING WILL GO AWAY?
AND A HURRIED CALL IS PLACED TO THE PRESIDENT
RRRINNNGG
ZZZZ GONNA BLOW THOSE FUCKIN' CHINKS TA SHIT... ZZZZ DONT TOUCH ME! WAZZAT WAZZAT
WHICH BEGINS A FULL DAY OF HURRIED DISCUSSION.

AND THAT EVENING THE PAPERS ANNOUNCE

DRUGS IN SUBURBIA
New York Post
ORDER TO UTILITIES: 'CEASE'
"WILL KILL" CREATURE SAYS MAYOR
CREATURE

WHEN THE PEOPLE HEAR THE NEWS OF THEIR REPRIEVE THERE REJOICING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

BUT THE MORNING HEADLINES WERE A SHOCK

FINAL DAILY NEWS
COURT AWARDS CON-ED, UTILITIES 90-DAY INJUNCTION
CITE LOSS OF PROFITS
HALT ORDER SURPRESSED PREZ + MAYOR PEEVED
FIRED BUNNY VOWS FIGHT TO HIGH COURT

AND SO THE WORLD ENDS NOT WITH A BANG BUT A FRELMCH?

FRELMCH!

BURGER
25¢

MACHO WAR TALES

JOE, THE **ENTIRE** HERMANN GOERING **DIVISION** IS MASSING ON THAT RIDGE! WE'RE **DOOMED!!**

DON'T WORRY KID, YOU'LL SEE **BROOKLYN** YET. I GOT A **PLAN!**

TASTE THE VENGEANCE OF A FREE PEOPLE COCKSUCKER!!

EAT KRUPP STEEL-JACKETED LEAD, BRAZEN AMERIKANISHER SHVINE!

SPK SPK BLAM

YOSSERIAN

OCTOBER 1944, AN AMERICAN AERODROME SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND THE GRUELING JOB OF FIGHTING A WAR. MUSCLE AND BRAIN STRETCHED TO THEIR LIMITS. MAN AND STEEL IN ARDUOUS STRUGGLE TO SAVE FREEDOM FROM THE FORCES OF DARKNESS.

REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR.

THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO TELL YOU THIS JOE. IT'S YOUR **BROTHER**, HIS PLANE WENT DOWN OVER BROMERHAVEN. ..THERE WERE **NO CHUTES!**

ARTHUR **DEAD!** SHIT SIR, YOU GOTTA' GET ME OFF THE GROUNDED LIST!!

I GOTTA' GET THOSE PRICKS!

NO GO SON! DOC NORDISH SAY'S YOUR SHOULDER ISN'T HEALED ENOUGH TO FLY!

BASIC OPERATIONS

BUT MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE CAN BE DONE, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET THE KRAUT!

DO I WANT TO GET THE KRAUT! ARE NIGGERS BLACK? DO WOPS EAT SPAGHETTI? I WANT IT SO BAD I CAN TASTE IT!

THEN LOOK AT THIS MAP.

LATER

THIS IS THE BIG ONE TOOTS! BUT WHEN I GET BACK IT'S THE APARTMENT WITH THE VIEW OF EBBETS FIELD FOR ME!

OH THAT'S **JUST SWELL BUCKS!**

OH - ME HATE PLACE CAN TRADE YANK CLOTHS FOR PETROL AND CIVILIANS ARE ALL LOUSERS! STOP BY THE PUB BEFORE YOU GO?

WHERE WE GOIN' YA JOE? YA DOIN' SUMPIN DANGEROUS?

YOU KNOW I CAN'T TELL YOU JOE, BUT IF I PULL THIS OFF YOU'LL BE SEEIN' FLATBUSH AGAIN!

SOME PRINT COMIN' UP!

GLOOM...

SHMUCK!

WOMP

BE PLAUNK DER HANDS IN DER AIR AMERIKANISCHER SWINE!

HEY OTTO, I'LL BET A FIN I CAN POUR A CANTEEN OF WATER IN YOUR POCKET, AND YOU WON'T FEEL IT!

FIFTY DOLLARS? A REAL YANKEE DOODLE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

IDIOTEN! I AM FEELING DER WATER!!

YOU ARE THINKING I AM SHTUPID, WISE GUY? DER ANDREW SISTERS ARE NICHT ON DER 'FIFE SHPOT!'

REUSE

COMING NEXT: "TIPTOE THRU THE BERCHTESGADEN"

National SCREW presents

Norton Fatbak & The Telephone Pole

©1976 GOSSARIAN

color: Scott MacNeill









They **all** want to know **Telephone Techniques.**

Listen, I can't show you **all** of the **Telephone Techniques** . . .

. . . but I'll show you **some** of the **basics.**

. . . **one** to hold the **bulb** . . .

You're very **generous** Mr. Fatsbak.

Damn straight.

. . . and **six** to turn the **ladder**

For **Telephone Techniques** I got to hook into a **trunk line,** and route you through **Syracuse.**

Now **hold on** baby, this is going to be a **little** uncomfortable for **a second.**

Ouch! this is **hurtink!**

Well you can't make an **omlette** without breaking **eggs.**

I think you **broked** all my **ekks.**

Now just **one** more **connection** baby.

Eight **inches** of hot **throbbing** coaxial cable.

NNNK!!

Socks it to me Mister Fatsbak!

This you like, **huh?**

The **number** you have reached is **temporarily** out of order.

I am gettink **tinglinks** in my **tooth** fillinks!

That's just the sixty cycle hum. **Touch** the radiator with your **foot**, and put your **thumb** up my **ass.**

I am still feelink **tinglinks** even with my **thumb** in your asses **hole.**

Let me adjust the **line** voltage and **patch** you through **Washington D.C.** and **Atlanta.**

. . . the **weather** in Milwaukee . . . **sunny** with increasing **clouds** . . .

. . . all transatlantic **cables** are presently in **use** . . .

Looks like you're **learning** to **like** the **Telephone Techniques?**

They **all** do.

The **number** you have **dialed** is not in **service** at this time.

I am **never** having the **vaginal** orgasm before.

I'm **comink.**

Comink?

I'm **comink,** I'm **comink,** I'm **comink.**

At the **tone** the **correct time** will be **2:14** and **20 seconds.**

Do you **smoke** after **sex?**

Mister Fatsbak, you are **helpink** me to be **reachink** my full **potential** as a **womens.**

I **think** this is beink the **first** time!!?

You **better** take your **foot** off the radiator.

Oh, by the way, you **weren't** watching how I switched the **wires** before, **were** you?

Mister Fatsbak **will** you be **teachink** me some more **Telephone Techniques?**

Well I **gotta'** drop by once a **month** to . . . uh . . . **read** the uh . . . telephone meter anyway.

Oh darlink, do I look like I am **knowink** from **wires!?**

The **yellow** on the **green.**

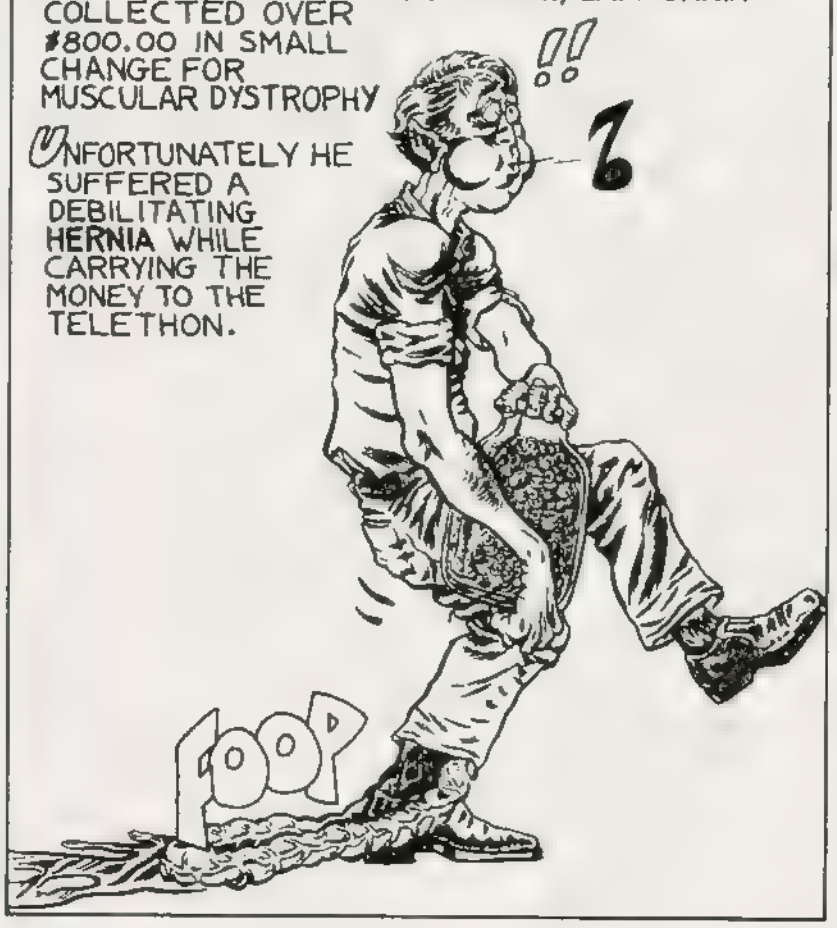
The **yellow** on the green.

YOSSARIAN'S BELIEVE IT OR EAT IT

©1976 YOSSARIAN

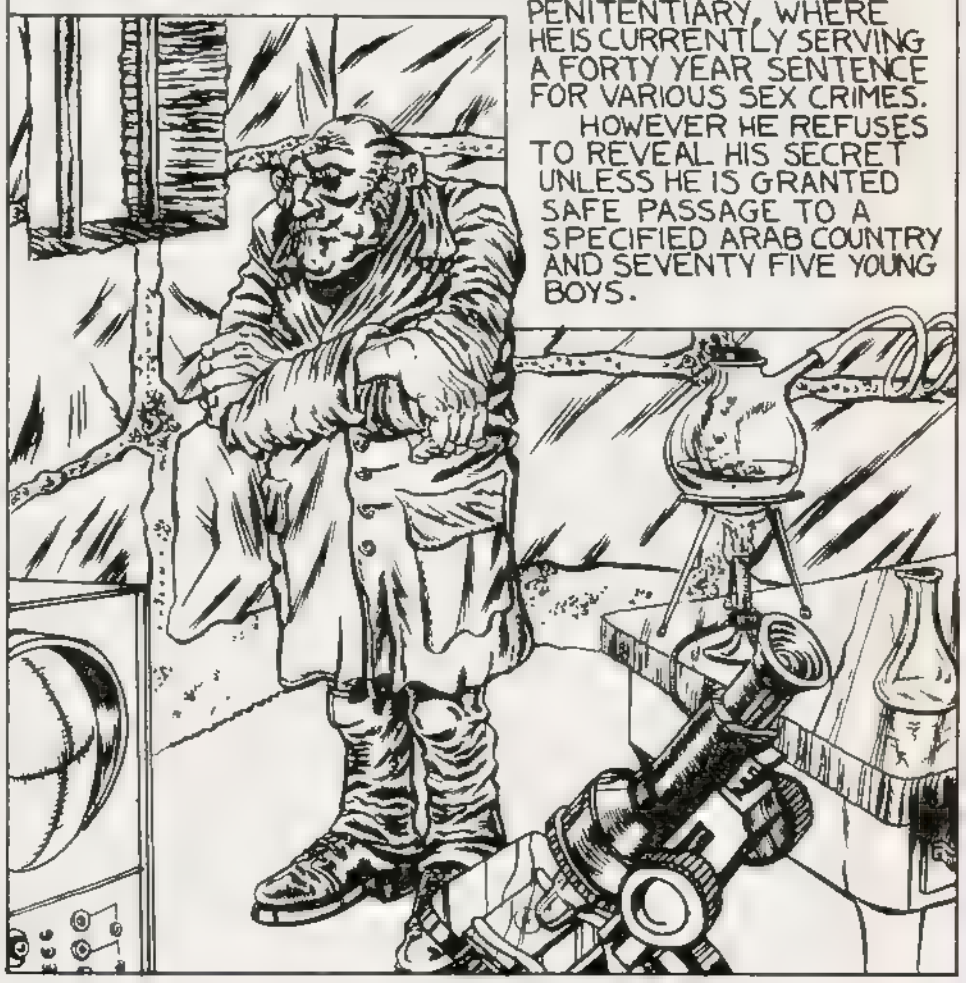
WALZO YUPTOYE OF PISTON VIEW, CALIFORNIA COLLECTED OVER $800.00 IN SMALL CHANGE FOR MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

UNFORTUNATELY HE SUFFERED A DEBILITATING **HERNIA** WHILE CARRYING THE MONEY TO THE TELETHON.

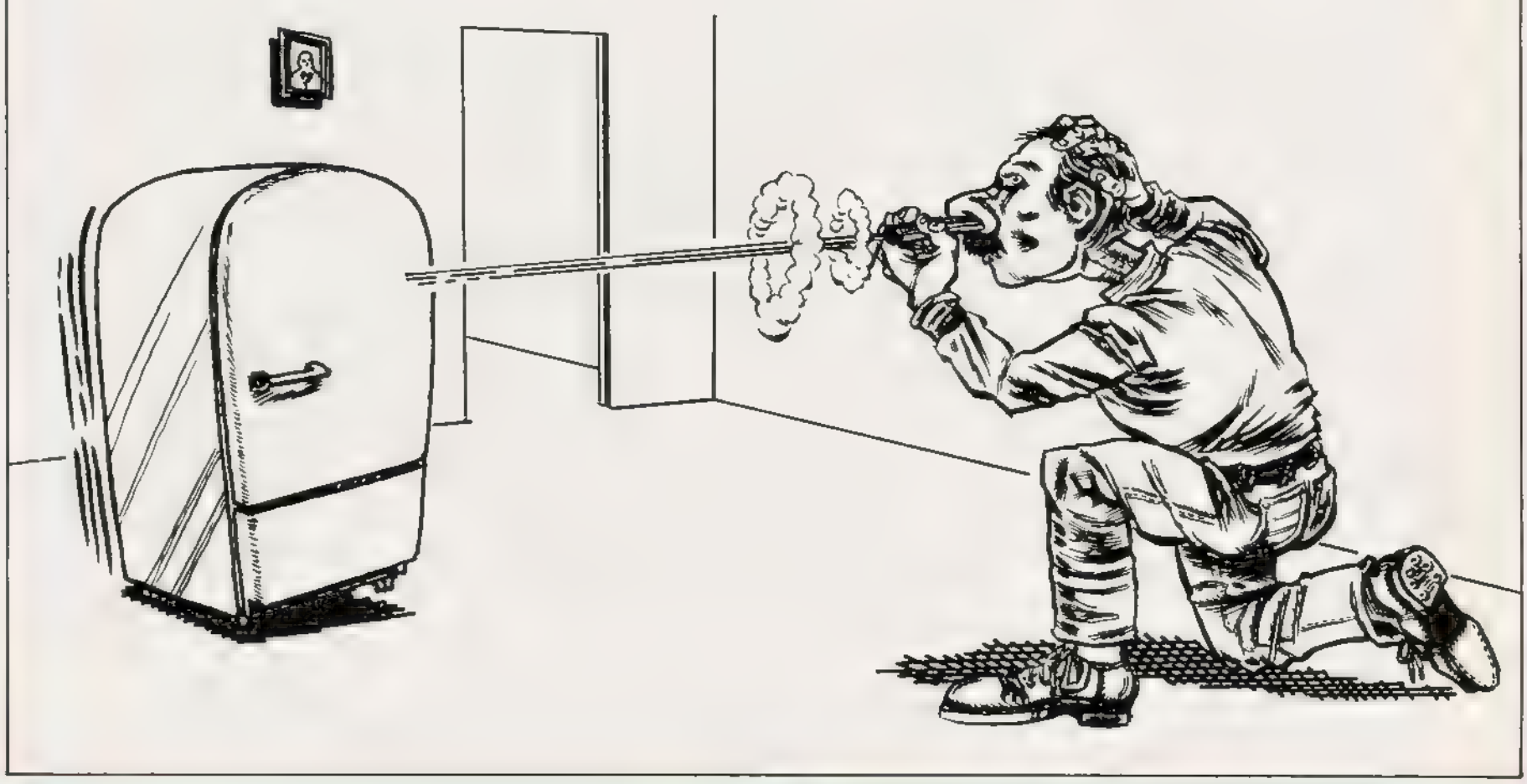


THE PSYCHOPATHIC GENIUS LUTHER TOTH HAS DISCOVERED A CURE FOR LEUKEMIA IN THE LABORATORY ESPECIALLY ERECTED FOR HIM IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, WHERE HE IS CURRENTLY SERVING A FORTY YEAR SENTENCE FOR VARIOUS SEX CRIMES.

HOWEVER HE REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS SECRET UNLESS HE IS GRANTED SAFE PASSAGE TO A SPECIFIED ARAB COUNTRY AND SEVENTY FIVE YOUNG BOYS.



KYLE KAPUSTA OF AVENUE B NEW YORK CITY CAN MOVE A REFRIGERATOR ACROSS THE LENGTH OF A ROOM BY SNORTING AT IT THROUGH A ROLLED DOLLAR BILL.



NEW TECHNIQUES HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN TO ALLOW A FRESH CORPSE TO BE FREEZE-DRIED,® AND STORED, UNTIL THE DAY WHEN MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY HAS ADVANCED TO THE POINT OF BEING ABLE TO CURE WHATEVER AILMENT THE DECEASED HAD SUCCUMBED TO... AND OF COURSE ANY DAMAGE WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE FREEZE-DRY® PROCESS.

THIS NEW METHOD HAS MANY BENEFITS OVER TRADITIONAL ATTEMPTS AT IMMORTALITY THROUGH CRYOGENICS, AS THE SUBJECT NEED NOT BE REFRIGERATED AFTER FREEZE-DRYING®, THE TOTAL COST SHOULD BE UNDER TEN DOLLARS.



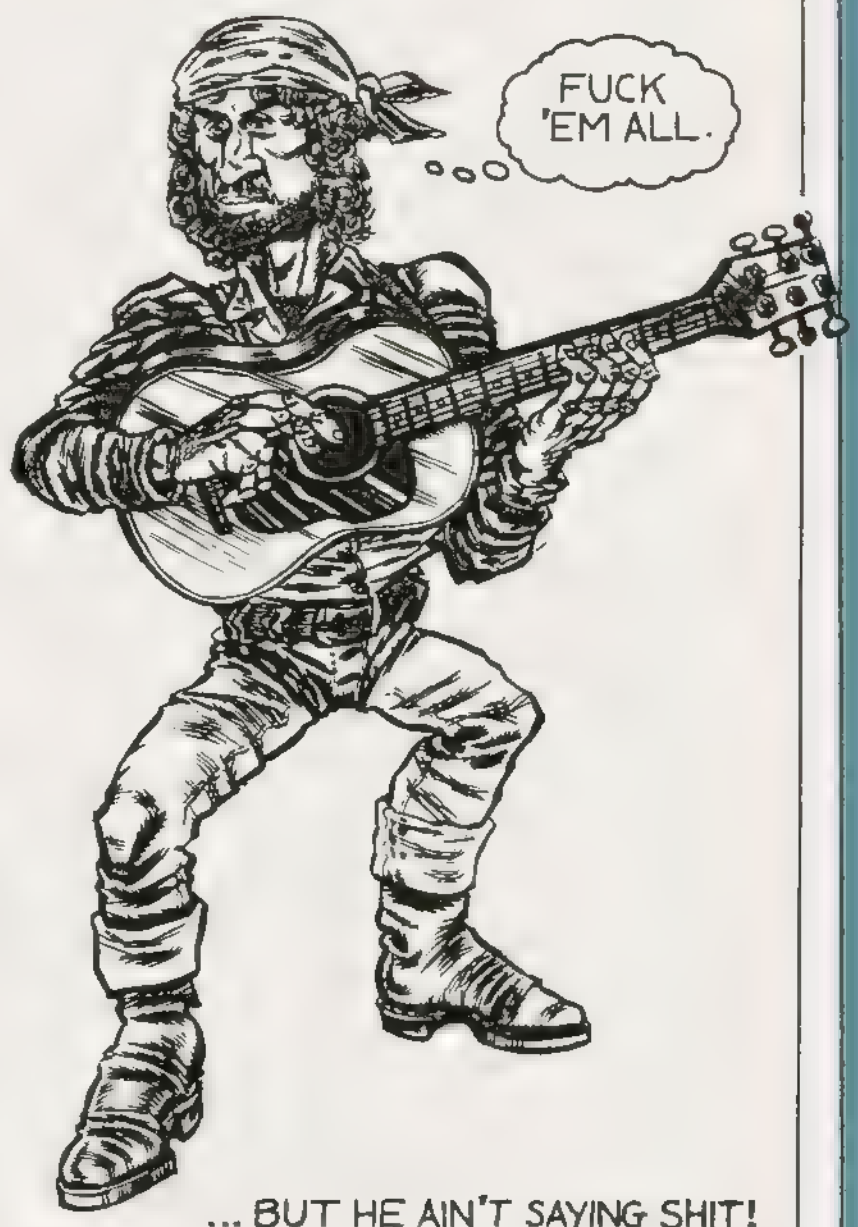
6,000,000 JEWS

HAVE BEEN FOUND ALIVE, AND LIVING IN ARGENTINA



SOME NERVE DEPT.

BOB DYLAN KNOWS ALL THE SECRETS OF EXISTENCE...

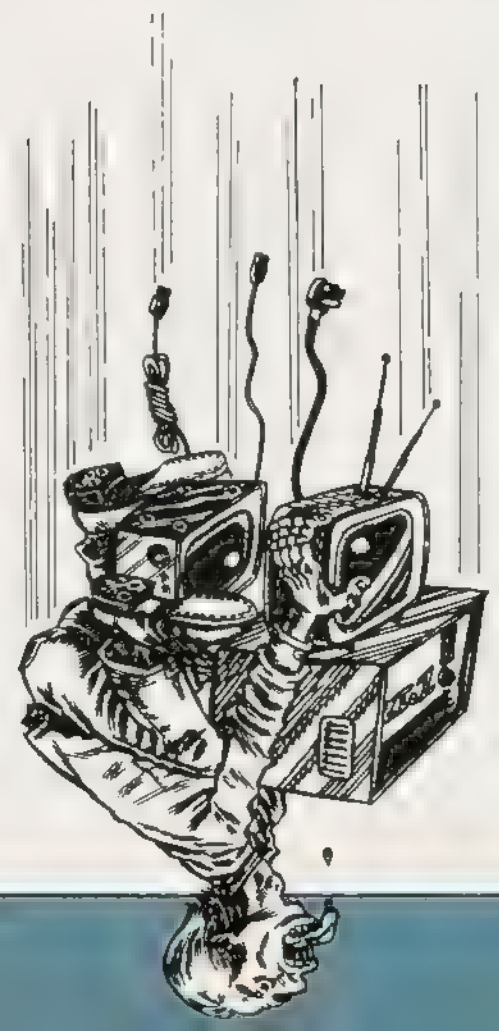


... BUT HE AIN'T SAYING SHIT!

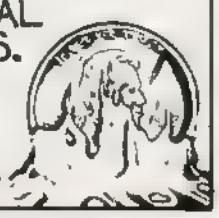
L. HARMON UMEKI OF SOUTHBEND, INDIANA HOLDS THE MEN'S RECORD FOR SUCCESSIVE ORGASM (TWENTY THREE IN A FIVE-HOUR PERIOD) ALTHOUGH THE RECORD WAS SECURED SIX YEARS AGO, MR. UMEKI STILL NEEDS THE ASSISTANCE OF FOUR STRONG MEN IN ORDER TO URINATE



THE AVERAGE NEW YORK CITY HEROIN ADDICT CAN SURVIVE A SEVEN STORY FALL WHILE CARRYING TWO SMALL-SCREEN TV SETS AND A SIX THOUSAND B.T.U. AIR CONDITIONER.



THROWN FROM THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, A LINCOLN PENNY, LANDING ON END SQUARELY IN THE CENTER OF A PERSON'S HEAD WOULD PENETRATE TO THE BOWELS, UNLESS IMPEDED BY PROSTHETIC DEVICES OR ARTIFICIAL ORGANS.



NOT SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD...

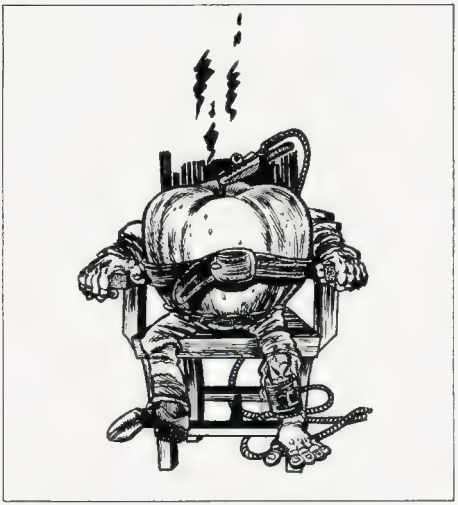
and other last words people were *dying* to say.

From *The Worst of Everything* by Tuli Kupferberg

Eugene Aram (another convicted murderer, on being asked on scaffold if he had anything to say): *"No."*

George C. Atcheson, Jr. (as plane crashed near Hawaii): *"Well, it can't be helped."*

Jean de la Barre (executed in 1766 at the age of 19 for mutilating a crucifix): *"I did not think they would put a gentleman to death for such a trifle."*



George Appell (a convicted murderer, as he was strapped into the Chicago electric chair): *"Well, folks, you are about to see a baked Appell."*

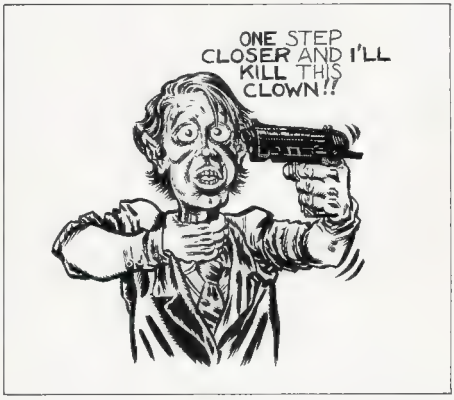
Don Byrne (killed in an auto accident): *"I think I'll go for a drive before dinner. Anyone come along?*

Hart Crane (as he jumped overboard): *"Goodbye, everybody!"*

Cuban chief (being exhorted to change his faith by Spaniards): *"I thank my gods that I am going, as you say, to hell, for there I shall, at any rate, meet no Christians."*

Anne Boleyn (kneeling to the beheading block in 1536, clasping her neck in her hands): *"It is small, very small indeed."*

Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI (on the scaffold): *"In the name of modesty, cover my bosom."*



Vachel Lindsay (suicide with delirium of persecution): *"They tried to get me; I got them first."*



Barney Barnato (before jumping overboard): *"What's the time?"*

Illustrations by Yossarian

Ned Kelly, Australian desperado (as the hangman adjusted the noose around his neck): *"Oh well, that's life I suppose."*

Capt. L.E.G. Oates of the ill-fated Scott Polar Expedition, 1912: *"I am just going outside and may be some time."*



Kit Carson: *"Wish I had time for just one more bowl of chili."*

Adolph Fischer, Haymarket anarchist (as the hangman's cap was placed over his face): *"Don't draw it so tight. I can't breathe. . . . This is the happiest moment of my life."*

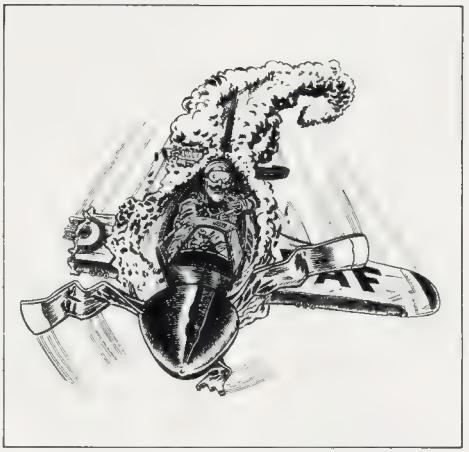
Paul Pestel, Russian revolutionist (when rope broke by which he was to be hanged): *"Stupid country where they do not know even how to hang."*

Sir Walter Raleigh (to the axe of his executioner): *"'Tis a sharp medicine but a sound cure for all diseases."*

James Scott, Duke of Monmouth (headsman, being unnerved, inflicted several blows before the head was severed): *"There are six guineas for you and do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you more gold if you do your work well."*

Henry Turrenne (just before being struck by a cannonball): *"I do not mean to be killed today."*

Anonymous (scribbled on a wall in Pompeii): *"Then all grew silent."*



Wing Commander Patty Finucane, WW II RAF (over radio as his Spitfire plunged into the English Channel): *"This is it, chaps."*



William Palmer, the Rugely poisoner (as he stepped on the trap of the gallows): *"Are you sure it's safe?"*

GOSSARIAN'S BELIEVE IT OR EAT IT

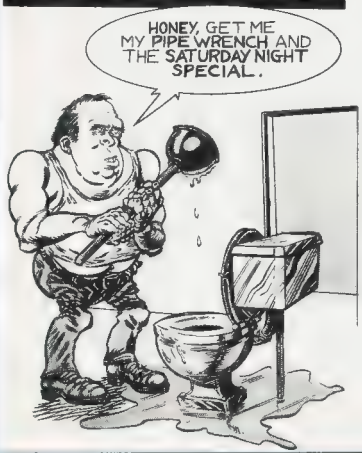


DALLAS TEXAS HAS AN EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN THE **EXACT** SHAPE OF A CARROT!



OVER **97%** OF ALL SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS AND FOUNTAIN PEN PISTOLS ARE USED FOR LEGITIMATE PURPOSES.

DUE TO **POORLY** WORDED LEGAL TERMINOLOGY IN CALIFORNIA'S NEW RIGHT TO DIE LEGISLATION, THAT STATE NOW **DEFINES** MEDICAL **DEATH** AS BEING UNREACHABLE BY **TELEPHONE** FOR MORE THAN TWENTY FOUR HOURS.



THE UNITED STATES HAS **SOLD** THE CRYOGENICALLY **PRESERVED** BODY OF **WALT DISNEY** TO THE **SHAH** OF IRAN FOR ALMOST THREE QUARTERS OF A **BILLION** DOLLARS!!



NO ONE HAS ANY **IDEA** AS TO WHAT THE SHAH **INTENDS** TO DO WITH HIS PURCHASE.

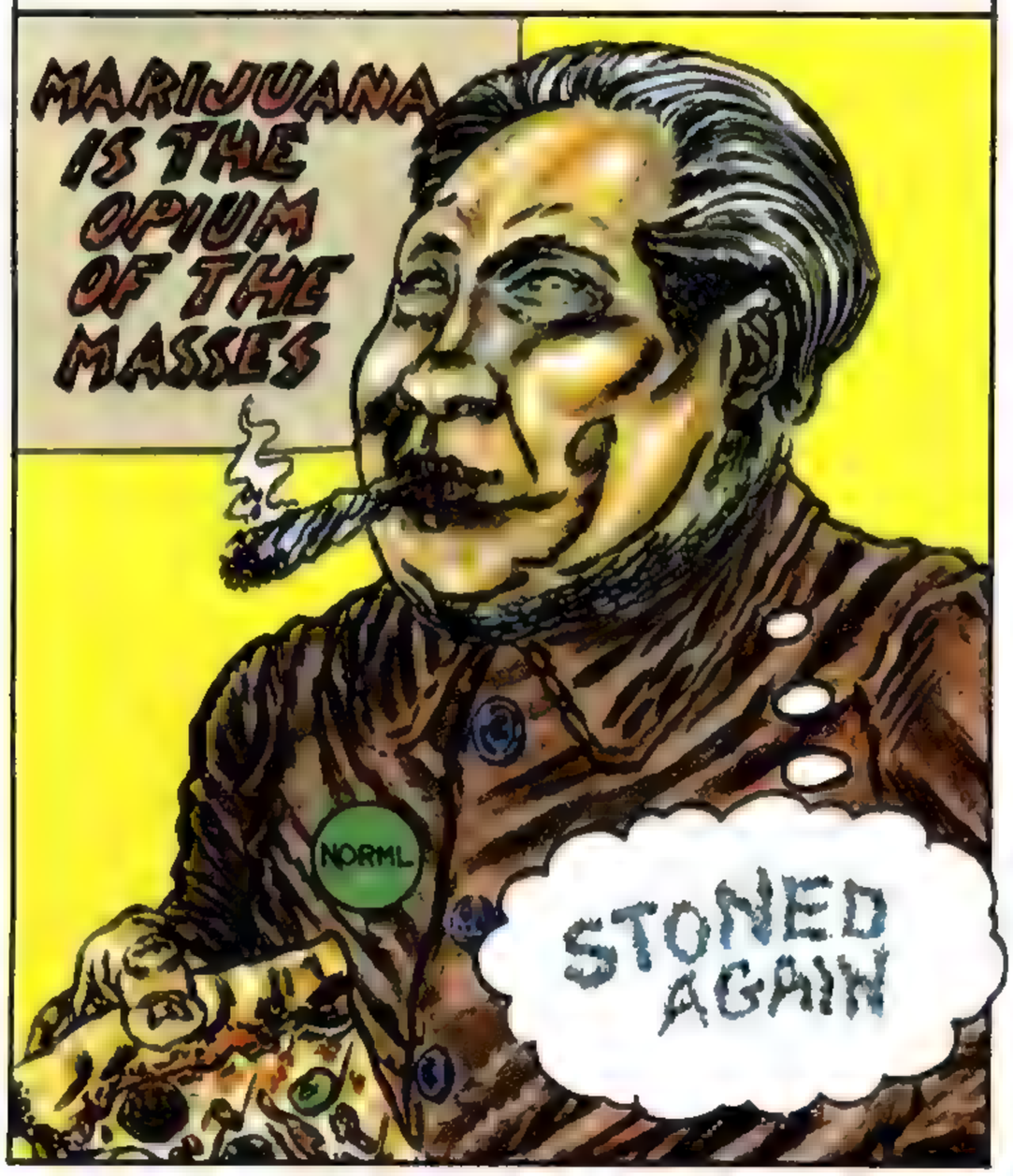
YOSSARIAN'S

DOPETOKER'S TEXTBOOK

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS — ONE MEAN UNION

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IF THE SMOKING OF MARIJUANA SHOULD BECOME CULTURALLY DESIRABLE IN THE SOCIETY OF MAINLAND CHINA THE HUGE DEMAND WOULD CAUSE A STEEP PRICE INCREASE WORLDWIDE.





JUNKIES AND DOWNER FREAKS: ALWAYS BE **CAREFUL** ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE, WHILE DOING YOUR **IRONING**.

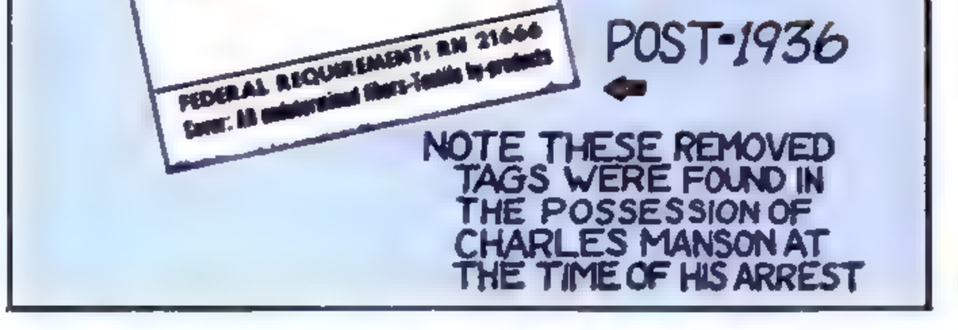


CHLOE NURN — DEXTER OF VENICE CALIFORNIA WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO SAY: "THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY DECENT GRASS SINCE 1967."



THE INTERNATIONAL **STANDARD SNORT**: THE DRAWING OF AIR ACROSS ONE GRAM OF **COCAINE** THROUGH ONE NOSTRIL, USING A ROLLED ONE DOLLAR BILL HELD ONE CM. FROM THE SURFACE OF THE DRUG; THE **REMAINING** NOSTRIL BEING CLOSED.

PRE-1936 'DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG UNDER PENALTY OF LAW' LABELS WERE MADE OF **HIGH** QUALITY, RESIN BEARING, HEMP PAPER; AND CAN STILL BE SMOKED TO GOOD **EFFECT**.



ACID FREAKS; NEVER **WEAR** A HEADBAND, OR A TIGHT HAT DURING THE LAST THREE HOURS OF TRIPPING, WHEN THE **SOFTENED** SKULL SLOWLY HARDENS AND REGAINS IT'S NORMAL SHAPE.





RACHEL MALIGNOWITZ, A NEW YORK CITY NEEDLE AFICIONADO, HAS HAD **SERUM** HEPATITUS SINCE 1969.

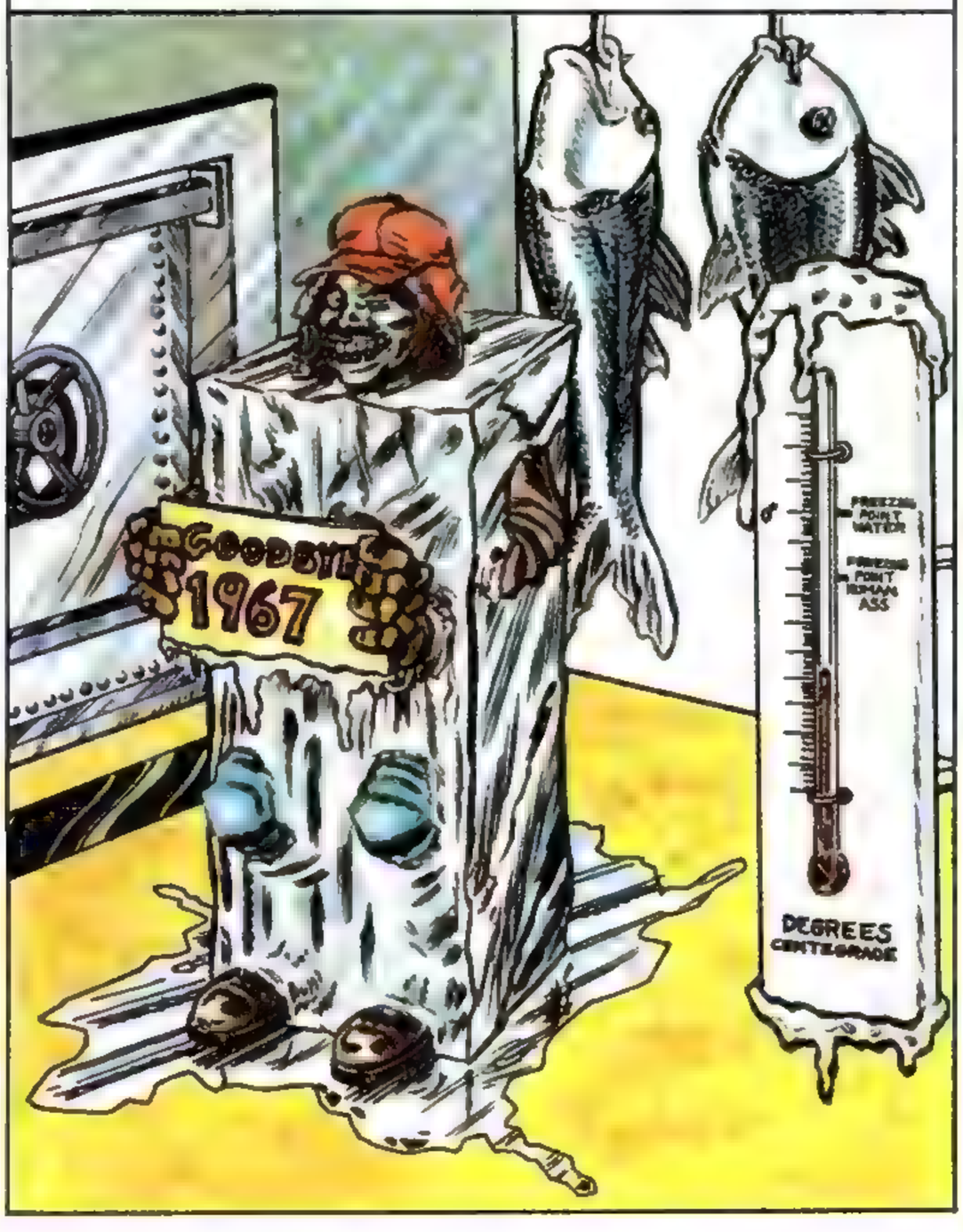
THE LATE KING FAROUK, DEPOSED EGYPTIAN MONARCH, SPENT OVER FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR JUST FOR COCAINE TO APPLY TO HIS PENIS.



NEVER SIT ON A CARTON OF AMYL NITRITE AMPULES!

HE THAT ON THE POPPERTH!

ELIO WANDREX, OF TOLEDO OHIO, HAS HAD HIMSELF CRYOGENICALLY **FROZEN** UNTIL SUCH TIME AS SCIENCE CAN CREATE A MORE **POTENT** BREED OF MARIJUANA.



YOU CAN'T TAKE TOO MUCH LSD

LIGHTS OUT 10:00 P.M. Doctor Leary is allowed to glow for 2 hours after lights out — The Warden

TIMOTHY LEARY ONCE ATE AN ENTIRE COPY OF THE **NEW TESTAMENT** WHICH A PRANKSTER HAD CONVINCED HIM WAS SATURATED WITH **LSD** ON CERTAIN PAGES.



TOURQUE KNUDSON OF NEW YORK CITY, A LONGTIME COCAINE USER, CAN PLACE A REGULATION N.F.L. FOOTBALL **ENTIRELY** INSIDE HIS **LEFT** NOSTRIL.


BOOM
WUP
SNUP
COMING
PEUT
SCHWARZ
OPTICALS
GODDAM CHINKS GOT THE INFO!!
PLINK
FREEDOM BAR & GRILL
SUBWAY
DOWNTOWN
BROOKLYN
BMT
CHAPTER 37
AIEEE

OUR STORY SO FAR:



MARCUS REGISTRADA, RISING YOUNG PHARMACIST, IS IN REALITY MIRACLE MILTON, FAMOUS RACONTEUR, GOURMET AND SUPER CRIME FIGHTER.



BLESSED AT BIRTH WITH A PERFECT COMPLEXION, A STRONG BACK AND THE ABILITY TO BEAT THE TURDS OUT OF ANYONE HE WISHED, MIRACLE MILTON AND HIS PARTNER/CONFIDANT BONNIE BOOBS ARE WORLD FAMOUS IN THEIR QUEST TO END EVIL.



THE ARCH FIEND AND MAD ANTHROPOLOGIST PROF. WILHELM NOSE, HAS ASSASINATED THE FALOPIAN PRIME MINISTER SY GEZUNT, AND LEAVING EVIDENCE POINTING TO BONNIE BOOBS AS THE MURDERER HAS FLOWN TO WASHINGTON D.C. TO UNLEASH A CYLINDER OF LETHAL NERVE GAS HOPING THAT MIRACLE MILTON WILL TRY TO SAVE B.B. RATHER THAN PURSUE.



BONNY BOOBS IS TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH IN THE

ELECTRIC CHAIR




118 LaFong Place
Muscle Milton
We find Miracle Milton consulting 'Big M'
LISSEN BIG M THEY'RE GONNA BURN BONNIE. THE ONLY LEAD I GOT IS AN ADDRESS DEY FOUND ON DE BODY. SHOULD I CHECK IT OUT?
OK BABY CHECK IT OUT; BUT REMEMBER YOU HAVE TO GET TO WASHINGTON BY MIDNIGHT TO STOP DR. NOSE. WHAT TIME IS THE EXECUTION SET FOR?
NINE PM
WELL GOOD LUCK BUT MAKE YOUR PLANE!
MANHATTAN
BIG M


THAT GIVES ME MORE THAN FOUR HOURS TO SAVE BONNIE
TAXI
TAXI
SHO' NUFF BOSS... SAY AINT YO' DAT CAT MIRACLE MILTON? HYUCK SHO YO'IS! AH READS ABOUT YO IN DE FUNNY PAPERS!
118 LAFONG PLACE, AND STEP ON IT BOY
JIVE ASS MONK


HERE'S A DIME FOR YOU BOY, AND YOU TELL YOUR DARKIE FRIENDS THAT MIRACLE MILTON IS ON YOUR SIDE
DAMN BOOGIES MAKE ME NERVOUS
THANK YO SUH
GODDAMN CHEAP MOTHER!
MONIEST GONIFF CAB CO.
POLICE
45
WHAT THE... 118 IS AN OFFICE BUILDING WHAT DO I...
AIIIEE!
A SCREAM NEAR THE TOP!
GOTTA MOVE!
118


AIIEE!!
SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL JUST A GASP FEW MORE FLIGHTS!
PUFF
PUFF
67
FLOOR


AIIEE
UNITED JEWISH APPEAL
IT'S COMING FROM IN THERE!
NOW BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER OF CHRIST THE REVENGE OF THE ELDERS.
STOP!
AIIEE


MIRACLE MILTON!!
YOU SHOULD "PLOTZ" WHERE YOU STAND
PLOTZ YOURSELF JEW BOY!
BL... BLAM
PLINK

FEH!
GURGLE
SPLOOT!
ZUT!!!
ZUT!!
STUMBLE
OYE!
CRASH
BLEED
BLEED

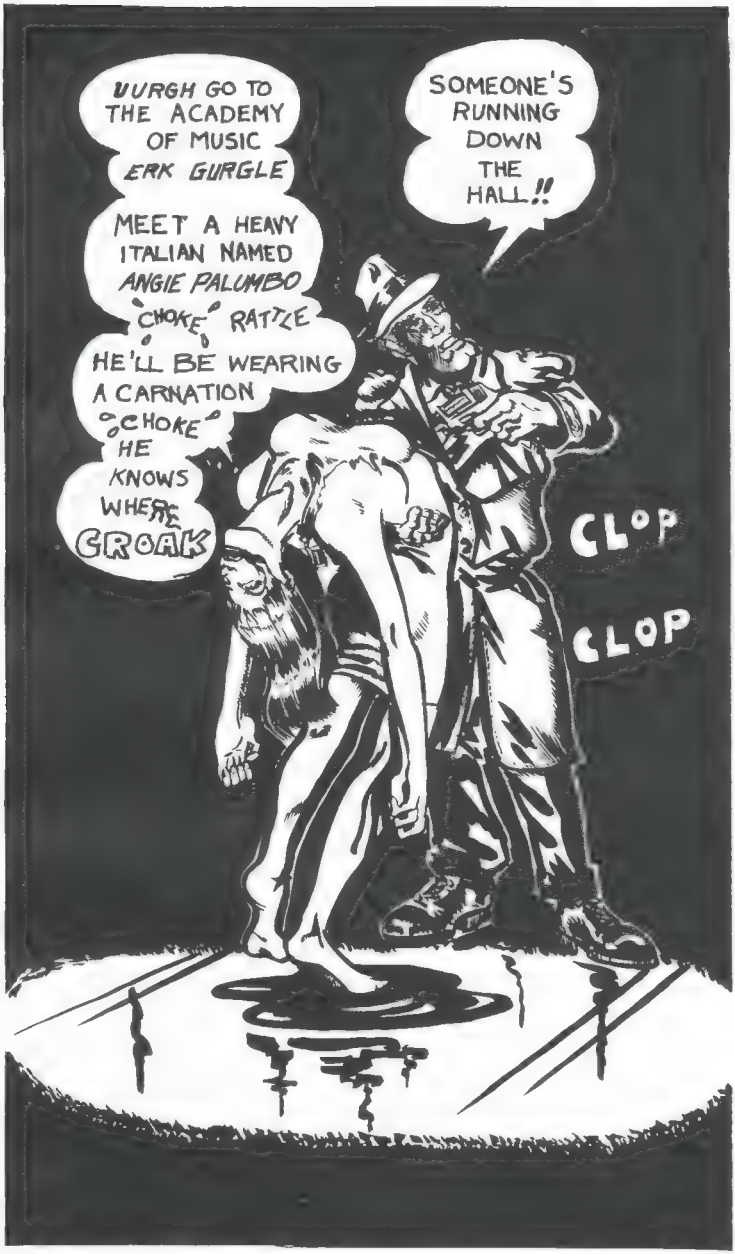

OYYYYYYEL
HUFF
GOTTA' GET DOWN THERE!!
GASP
HE MIGHT HAVE SOME EVIDENCE
PUFF
COUGH
Wheeze
54 FLOOR
Hack
PUFF
COUGH
47 FLOOR
PUFF
MEANWHILE
(TO KEEP YOU UP TO DATE)
BONNIE BOOBS
IS STILL WATCHING
THE CLOCK ...
WHO'S WORRIED?

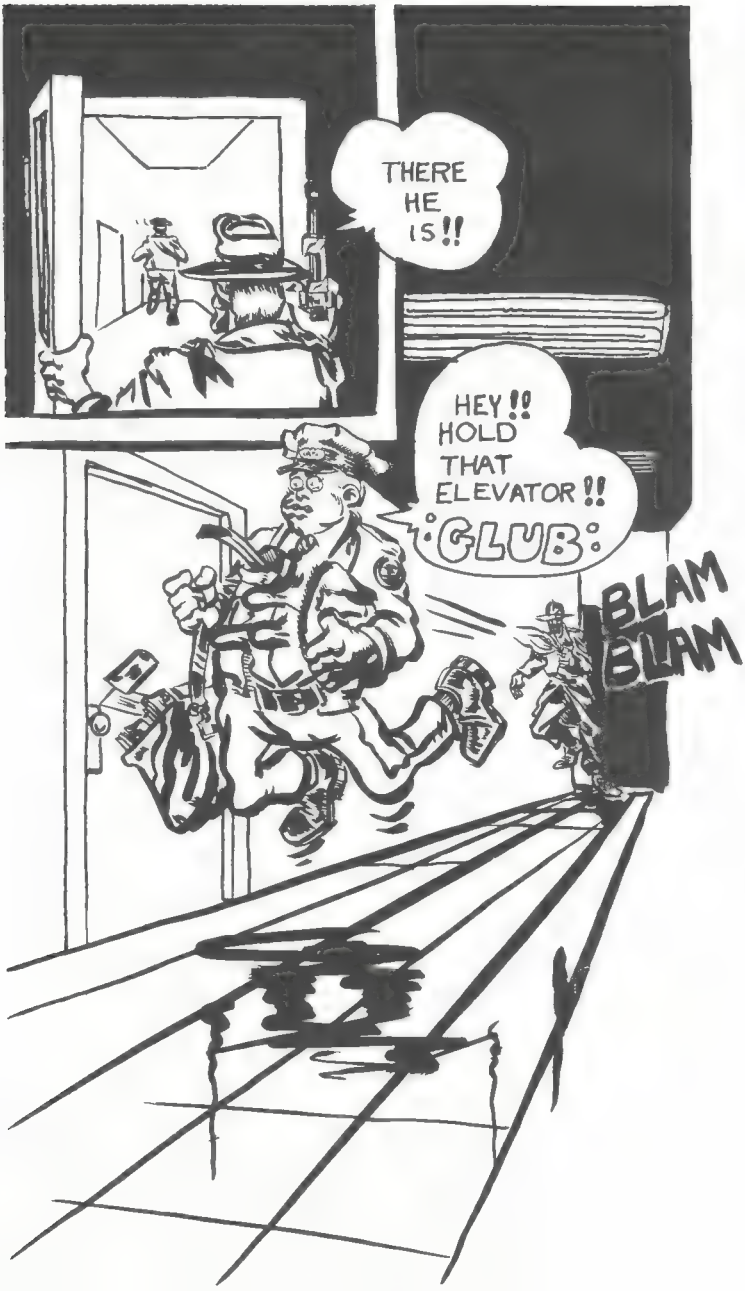

HERE COMES THE HARD PART!
FARF!
SHESH
HONK
BOZO
RUMBLE
BROKEN FINGERS
SQUISH
CONN 4328-4N


MIRACLE MILTON REACHES THE STREET
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR LAWANDORDER-APPLEPIEMOMAND-THEFLAG!!!
M.M.
MMF... OUCH
RETCH


LISTEN RABBI YOU'RE GOING TO DIE. MAKE PEACE WITH YOURSELF
WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
YOU SHOULD GROW HAIR BETWEEN YOUR TEETH
PLOTZ
"CROAK"


MAYBE THE GIRL UPSTAIRS KNOWS SOMETHING.
WHAT WAS THIS ALL ABOUT MISS?
M. M.
UNTIE
WOW!! WAIT TIL THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE HEAR THAT I WAS RESCUED BY MIRACLE MILTON!!!
HE WAS GOING TO SACRIFICE ME BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO SAW DOCTOR NOSE KILL SY GEZUNT.
AND WHAT'S MORE, I ALSO KNOW WHERE THERE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.
IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?
ZWEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
M. M.
THUNK
YNNNG!!


SOMEONE'S RUNNING DOWN THE HALL!!
UURGH GO TO THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC ERK GURGLE
MEET A HEAVY ITALIAN NAMED ANGIE PALUMBO CHOKE RATTLE
HE'LL BE WEARING A CARNATION CHOKE
HE KNOWS WHERE CROAK
CLOP
CLOP


THERE HE IS!!
HEY!! HOLD THAT ELEVATOR!!
:CLUB:
BLAM BLAM


OH OH!! BIG "M" WON'T LIKE THIS.
I'D BETTER FIND THAT FAT WOP PALUMBO!!
TWITCH
TWITCH
BLEED BLEED BLEED


AND TELL YOUR LATINO FRIENDS THAT MIRACLE MILTON IS ON THEIR SIDE.
GRINGO PIG!
DAGOS ARE BETTER THAN JIGS
THIS MUST BE MY PIGEON
TAX
CARNATION
GIMME ONE DUCAT BABE
COMING


YOU ANGIE PALUMBO?
BANG
WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE ON DR. NOSE?
CHUCKLE HAR HAR
GIGGLE
WADDYA WANT?
LOOK MISTER I GOTTA WIFE AN' KIDS... I DUNNO NUTIN'
DOWN IN FRONT


ICECUBE OF BLOOD
I AINT GOT TIME FOR THIS KIND OF JAZZ!!
BLAM
MEAT
HMM... A KEY TO A LOCKER IN PENN STATION.
'SCUSE ME 'SCUSE ME
HYUK HYUK
CHORTLE GIGGLE


MEANWHILE
I FEEL JUST AWFUL WASTING THE TAXPAYERS MONEY ON ALL THIS FINE FOOD
DON'T YOU WORRY MISS YOU EAT ALL YOU WANT.
MATRON


NOW TO PENN STATION
LOCKER
3258
25
HMM... 3264 HERE WE ARE
3264
3265
1270


M. M.
JUST AS I THOUGHT THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
INFORMATION


YOUR GONNA BE A REAL HOT NUMBER HUH? HAR HAR GET IT HOT NUMBER CHUCKLE... A REAL LIVE WIRE GUFFAW GUFFAW... DO YOU WORK ON A.C. OR D.C.? HAW HAW... A.C. OR D.C. CHUCKLE
I BET YOU THINK I'M WORRIED. MILTON AN' ME WE BEEN IN WORSE TROUBLE THEN THIS. A LITTLE HAIRCUT AIN'T GONNA WORRY ME.
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ
CLIP
CLIP
FILE


Phlegm
HOW'S YOUR GERM?
SLUDGE
SLUDGE
HMM... PLENTY OF TIME TO GET TO THE GOVERNOR AND SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
THE GREAT WORMO


AT THE SAME MOMENT
I BET YOU THINK I SHOULD BE WORRIED FATHER.
MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT SHE'S CRAZY
EAT
Floyds
THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE


NO NEED TO FRET SISTER 'LESS YOU SIT DOWN! HAR HAR
IM REALLY NOT WORRIED.
GOVERNOR! CALL THE PRISON! I HAVE THE EVIDENCE THAT PROVES BONNIE BOOB'S INNOCENCE!
GOVERNOR
MIRACLE MILTON!


I'M A LITTLE WORRIED
DO I HEAR A TELEPHONE SOMEWHERE?
OUCH! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO; KILL ME?
THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TIME. YOU DON'T KNOW MILTON


OOPS!
THE GREAT WORMO


WHY DON'T DEY CLEAN DERE OWN MESSES!
I COULD HAVE A BETTER JOB WIF A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA.
NEXT WEEK DONT MISS
BYE BYE WASHINGTON

You Know You've Got V.D. When...

Written by Dean Latimer
Illustrated by Yossarian

A SCREW guide to gonorrhea



You Know You've Got V.D. When...



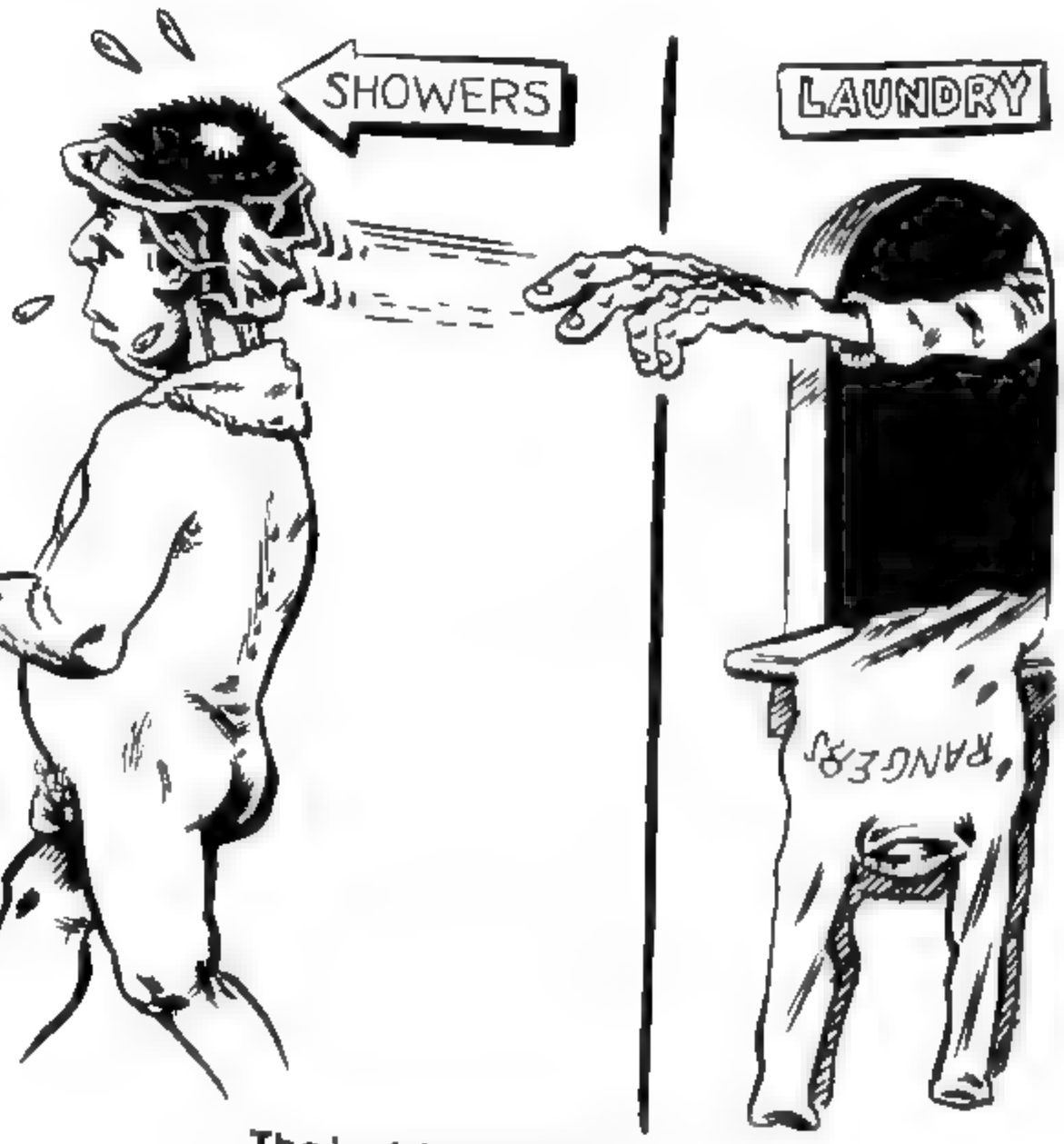
Your piss cuts through porcelain.



During an exam, your gynecologist's forefinger turns black and shrivels up.



You put your dentures in a glass, and suddenly realize you never had dentures before.



The jock boy at the clubhouse throws *yours* back at you.

ART

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS MARE

THE east village OTHER

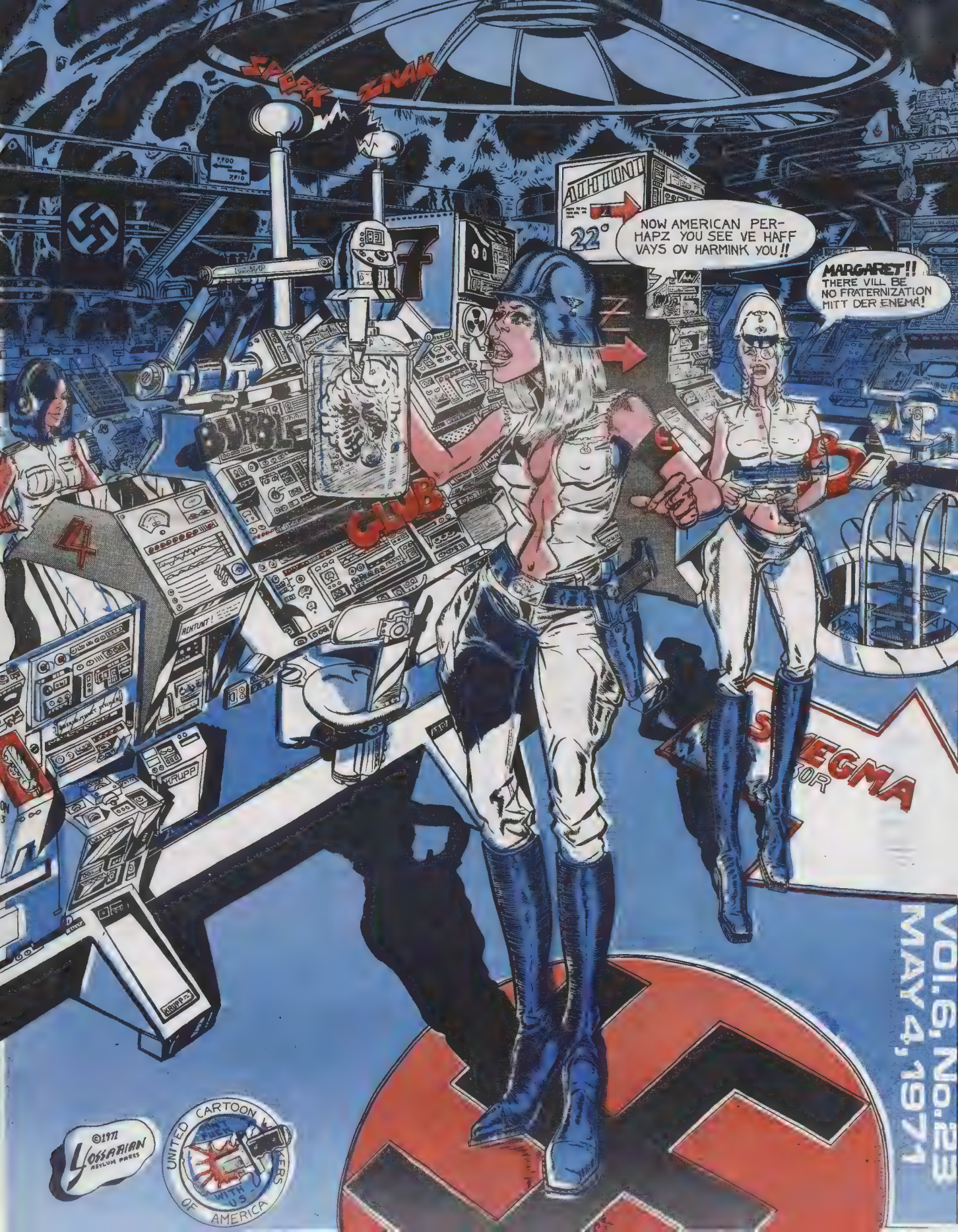
vol5 no 38 aug18 metro 25¢ nat 35¢






IMPEACH
MURDERER
WHOSE EMPIRE STATE DID YOU THINK IT WAS?
GOSSARIAN


THE east village OTHER
25¢
READ CITY MARSHAL EXPOSE INSIDE!
MONZO BROS. FREIGHT
I KILL YOU MOTHERSPRUCKER!
SMAP
SLIME CO.
VOTE
DIRTY JUNKY SNEAK ATTACK!!
AVENGE ATTICA
YOSSARIAN

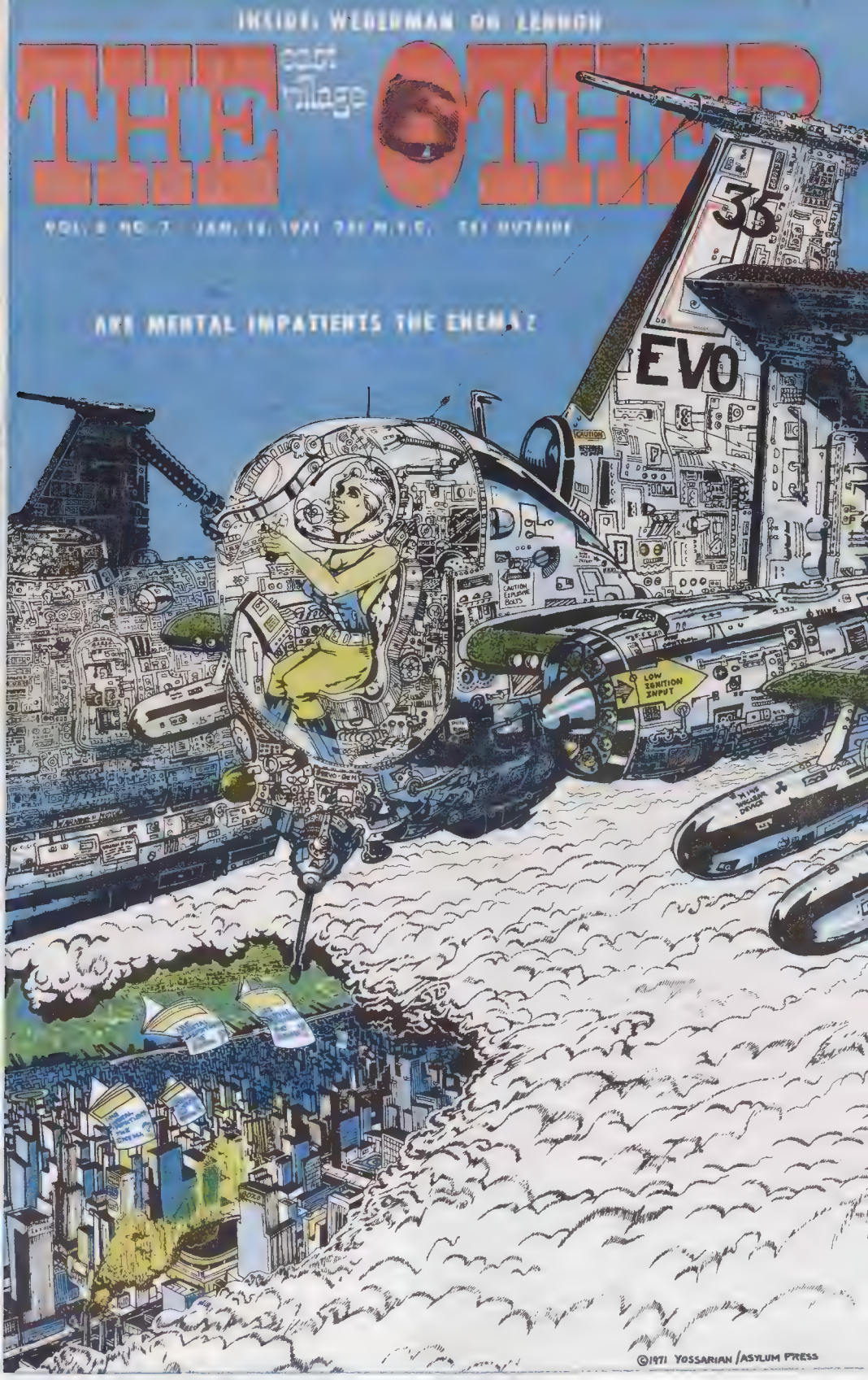

SPARK
ZNAK
ACHTUNG!
22°
NOW AMERICAN PER-HAPZ YOU SEE VE HAFF VAYS OV HARMINK YOU!!
MARGARET!! THERE VILL BE NO FRATERNIZATION MITT DER ENEMA!
BUBBLE
CLUB
RENTUAT
KRUPP
SYPHILIS
VOL.6, No.23
MAY 4, 1971
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UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA

INSIDE: WEDEMAN ON LENNON

THE east village OTHER

VOL. 6 NO. 7 JAN. 14, 1971 25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE

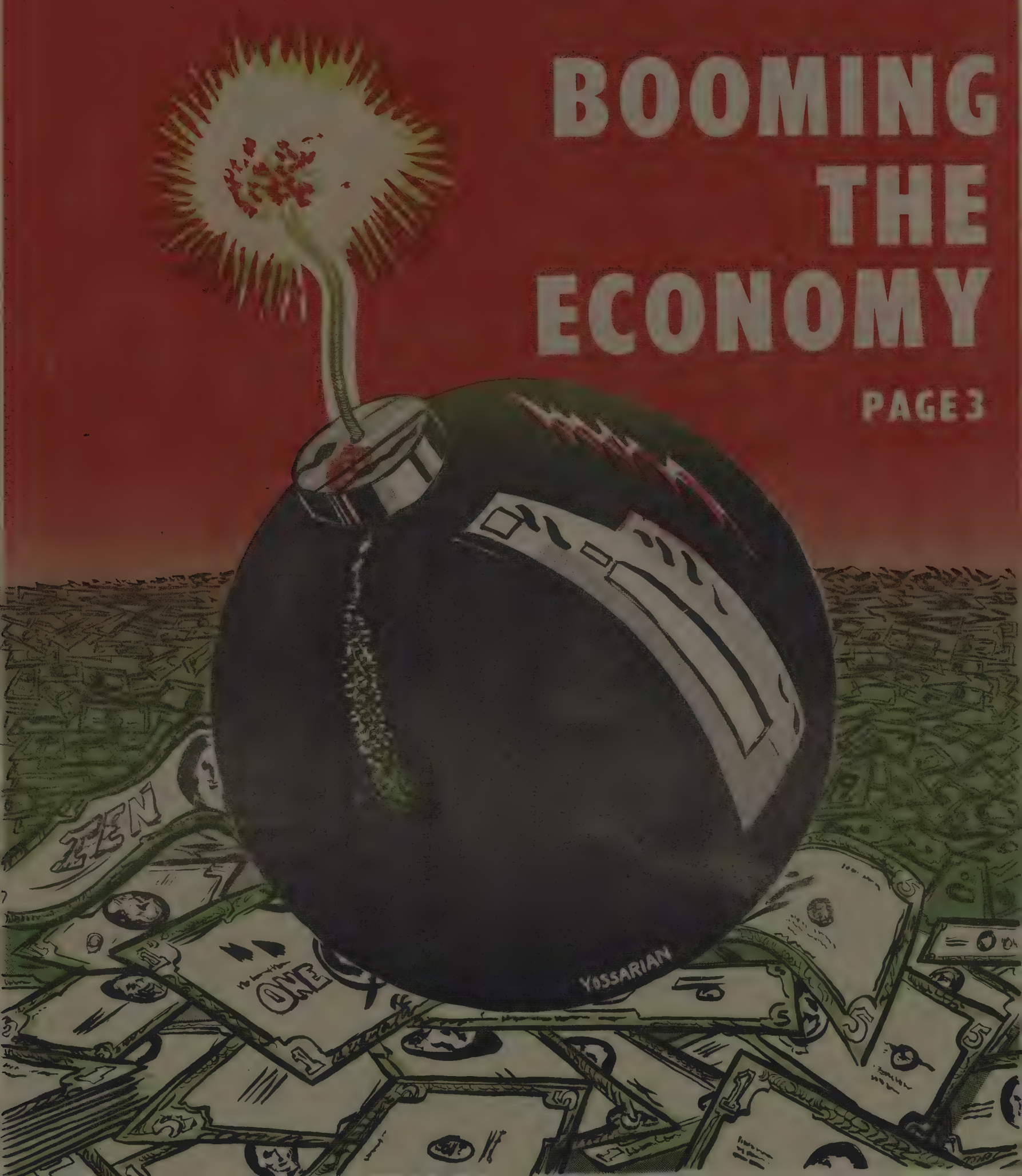
ARE MENTAL INPATIENTS THE ENEMA?



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BOOMING THE ECONOMY

PAGE 3



Bizarre Gifts for the Holidays, Pg. 7

The Sensuous Hole, Pg. 4 Making Love with the Dead, Pg. 19

SCREW

50 CENTS THE SEX REVIEW NUMBER 147



WARNING: Sexual material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances ... it, possess it, or place orders for the merchandise offered herein.



IS THERE SEX AFTER MARRIAGE?

Jesus Christ Superstud P.9 Two Girls and You P.4

SCREW

NUMBER 239

75 CENTS

THE SEX REVIEW



cover: Yossarian

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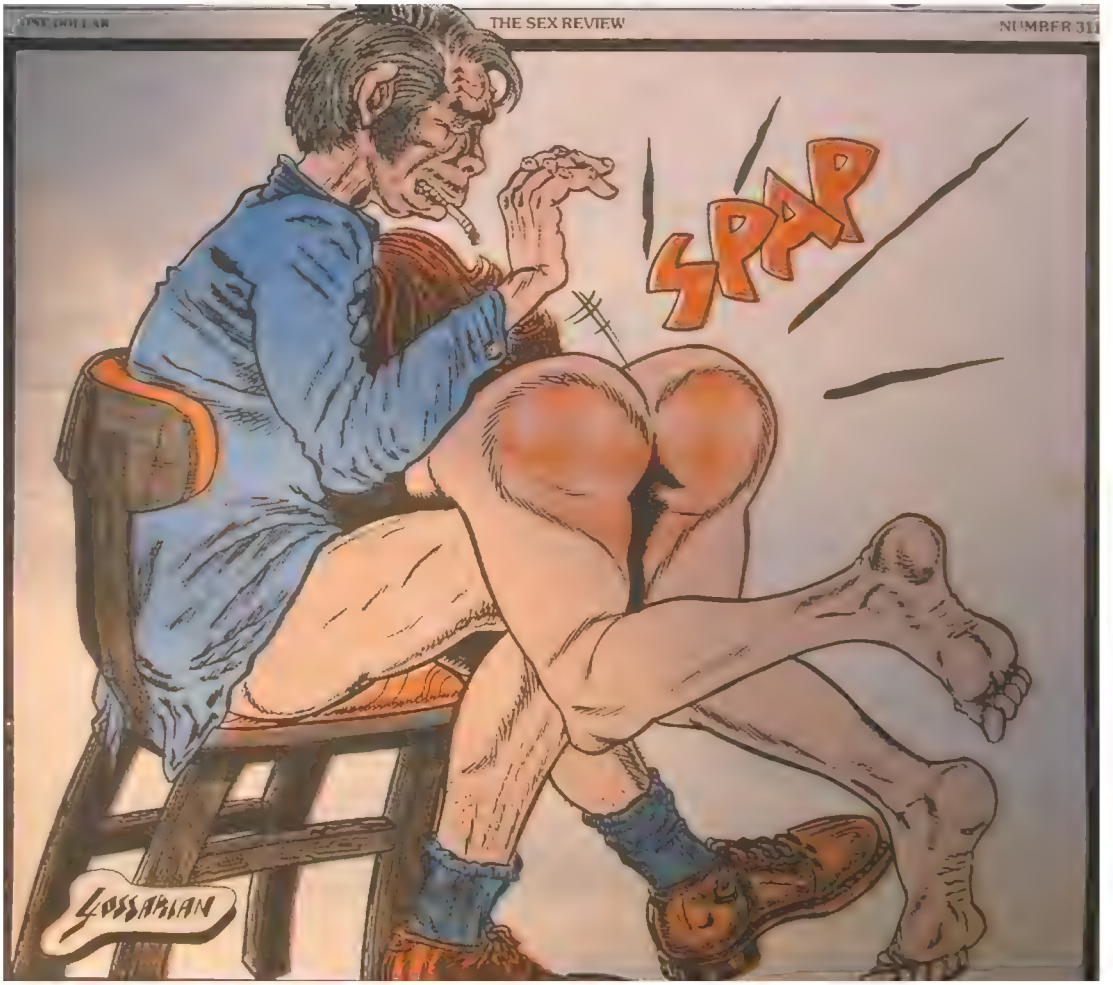
Special "My Sperm" Issue

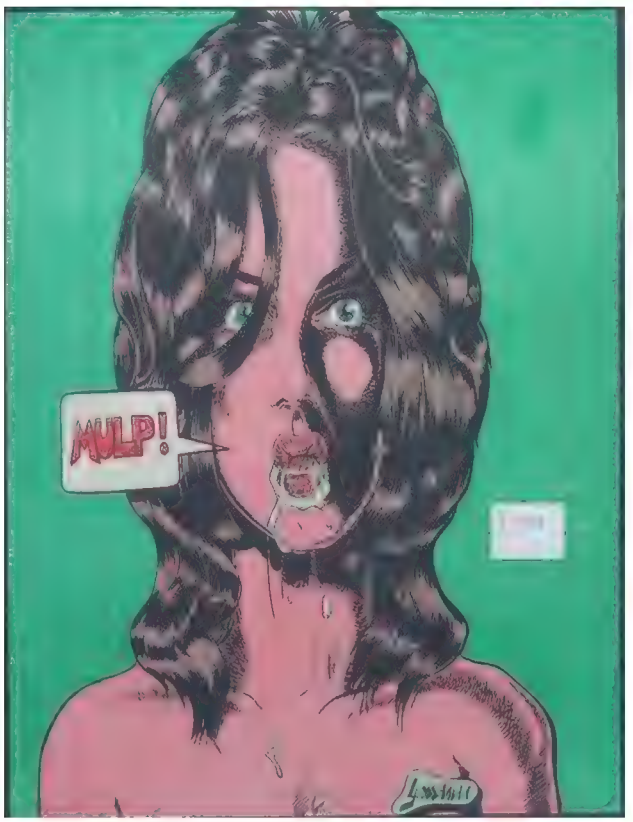
Sisters Cavort, Sex in the Spotlight, Perverts in Paris

SCREW

50 CENTS NUMBER 150




SPRAP
GOSSARIAN


MULP!


That's
Pronounced
Fel la´ tio´

$2.00

The Curse of the Oval Room



Transmitted by

TIMOTHY LEARY

Illustrated by

YOSSARIAN

High Times Press


IF THE KIDS WON'T FIGHT THIS WAR WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WIN THIS OURSELVES. WITH THE REAL ☆AMERICANS☆... THE SAME ONES WHO WON THE BIG ONE IN '45... THE SILENT MAJORITY
WHAT THESE KIDS NEED IS TO GROW UP IN A DEPRESSION
AND I INTEND TO GIVE THEM ONE I HOPE IKE'S WATCHING
USS BROOKLYN
CAMBODIA 20M
LAOS 30M
THAILAND 3M
CHILE
ARGENTINA 15,210M
TOGO
SPAIN
ETC.
VIETNAM HOME & SOUP
SAVE THE KIDS
NAVY
SCRIBBLE DEPTH


ASSASINATE NIXSON
TELL EM GROUCHO SENT YOU.
SECTIONS
5
RED
HELP STAMP OUT V.D.
NUCLEAR WASTE
SURVIVAL LEVEL 3
GROUCHO SENT ME.!!
STP
BLUB
BANG
GAAAAK!
SPEW
UNITED STATES
SECTOR 4
UNITED STATES
SECTOR 72
INSTITUTE GLOBE CO. SINUS N.J.
ZONE 11A/A
SASSARIAN


MY GOD! FRANK'S BEEN HIT ··· HE'S GOT THE GRASS!
SHENKER 68


I TOLD YA PODOLSKI
IF YA KEEP HITTIN'
KIDS WIT' YER GUN
YA'D KNOCK IT OUTA
LINE... WHAT DA HELL
YA GOT A
STICK
FOR?
HENKER

PENELOPE PARTHENOGENESIS SAYS:

REMEMBER ECOLOGY!!!




DECOMPOSITION
D.A. LATIMER
NOW TO QUICKLY DON MY FOOTBALL ATTIRE. SEE YOU AT THE SUPERBOWL!!
BLAM
Mets
SPALDING
Mets
A. Shenker



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GOSSARIAN


$1.50
NUMBER 451
YOSSARIAN


YA WANNA SEE ME CRUSH DIS RHEINGOLT CAN ?
HERE YA GO PRINCESS WHEN YA FINISH DAT DO DIS
SOB
IF I COULD ONLY ESCAPE TO RAT !!
EVIL STUD
THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
A DIVISION OF MALE CHAUVINISM INC.
YOSSARIAN


SUBWAY FARE FEAR & DIRTY AIR SCARE
HARLEM FOUR & MIGHTY THOR
NEW YORK
ACE
VOL. I NO. 2
JAN. 11, 1972
25¢ outside nyc 35¢
YOSSARIAN




PAUL'S FUNERAL
Aug 26 1PM
PARK AVE
& 79th ST
PAUL McCARTNEY IS DEAD
RLF


WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE GOT NO HAIR ON YOUR CUNT!!?
SHENKER 69

THE east village OTHER

AD RATE CARD



YOU WON'T SELL MANY POLO PONIES THROUGH EVO
BUT WHO'S SELLING POLO PONIES?





ANEH ANEH

SEXIST!!

OH, WATCH OUT FOR THE MEDICINE CABINET HONEY. I HOOKED UP A DEVICE THAT WILL SPRAY ACID IN A JUNKY'S FACE.

HNNH!

SIZZLE

SPUTTER

FUTURE, NO SUBPOENAS WILL
ATTEMPT BY THE DEPARTMENT
PARTIES PRIOR ATO THE ISSU
POLICY OF CAUTION, NEGOTIA
TO PROVE AS WORKABLE IN TH

NO PROBLEM OF INTERPR
CONTINUES TO BEHAVE AS WEL
HAVE IN THE PAST, THEY SHO
HE MAKES THE SUPREME COURT
AS IT DOES NOW. NO NEED T



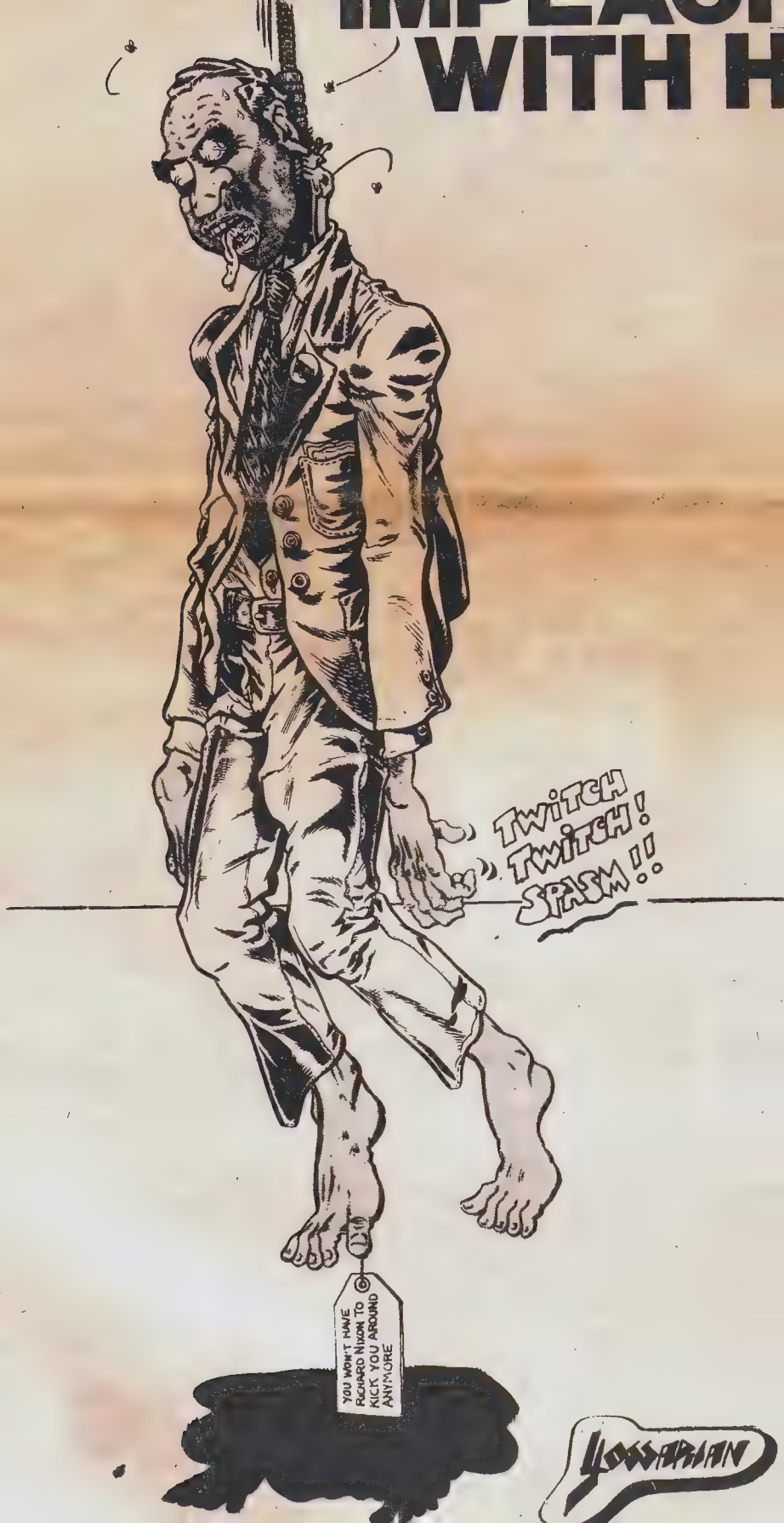
DR. LASLO SMEGMA 1804 -

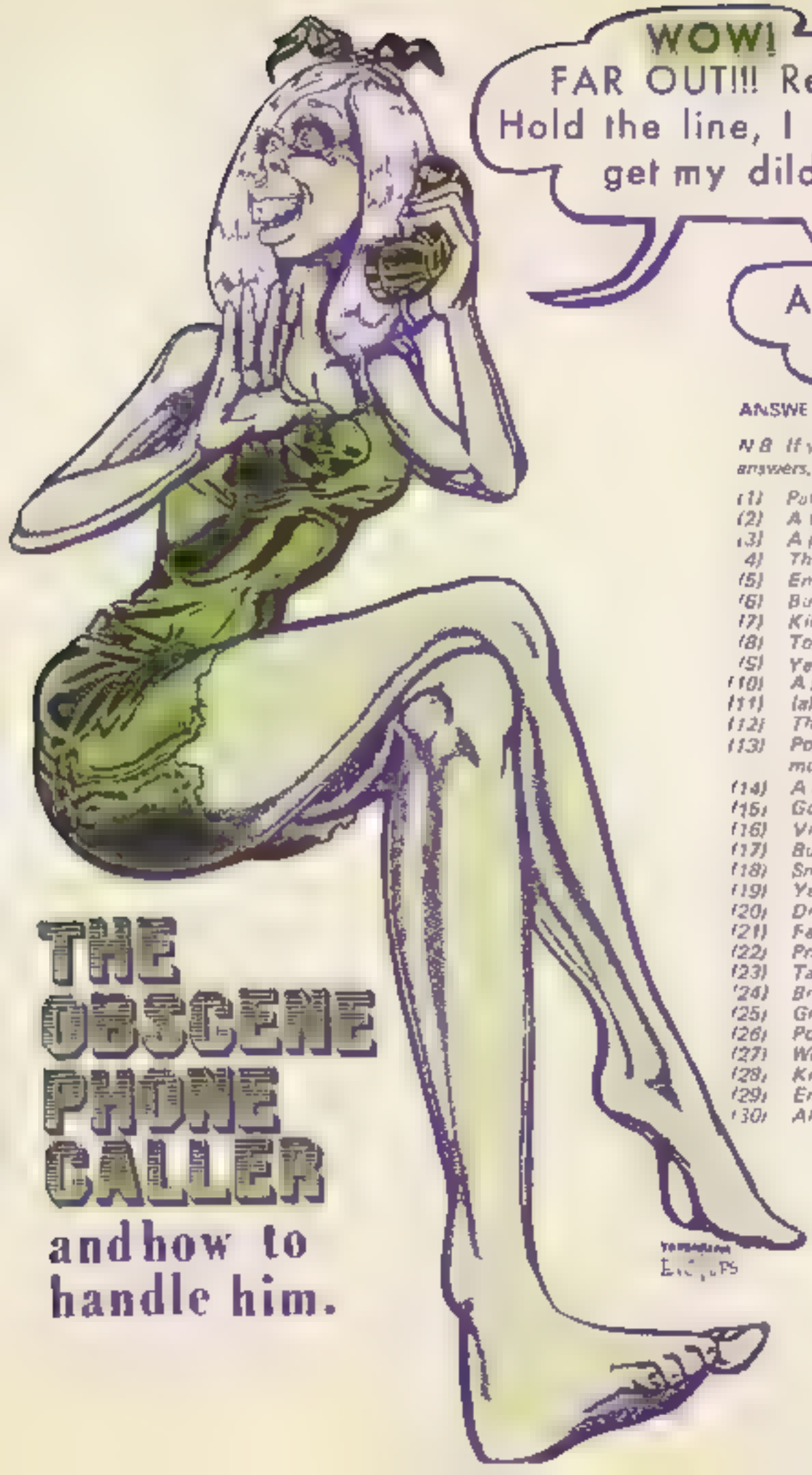
INVENTOR OF THE "ORGASM"



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IMPEACH WITH H





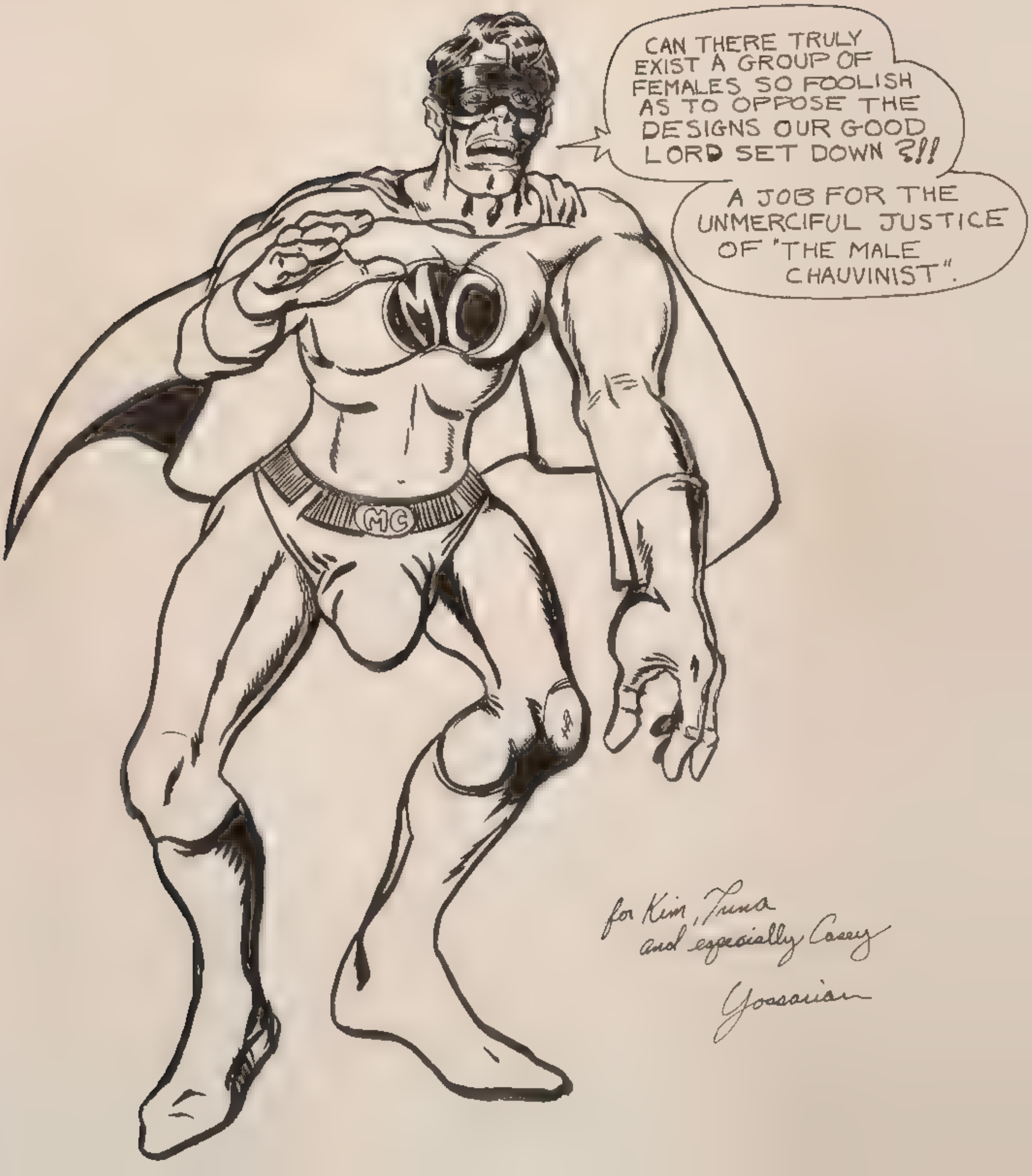
THE OBSCENE PHONE CALLER

and how to handle him.

ANSWERS TO THE YIPPIE QUIZ

N B If you need to be reassured by answers, you have failed the Quiz

(1) Patton
(2) A tab of sunshine
(3) A pig
(4) The enemy
(5) Entertain
(6) Burn it down
(7) Kill your parents.
(8) Top of the Pops
(9) Yes
(10) A people's balladeer
(11) (a) The Mirror (b) IT
(12) The News of the World
(13) Pop and TV Commercials (you must get both right to score)
(14) A new consciousness.
(15) Go to a movie.
(16) Viet Cong.
(17) Buckminster Fuller
(18) Smoke-in
(19) Yes.
(20) Draft beer, not students
(21) Fanny Craddock.
(22) Practising vandalism
(23) Taking off your clothes.
(24) Brilliant fascist
(25) Grent theatre
(26) Political scapegoat
(27) Wormwood Scrubs.
(28) Kray Twins.
(29) Enoch Powell
(30) Always

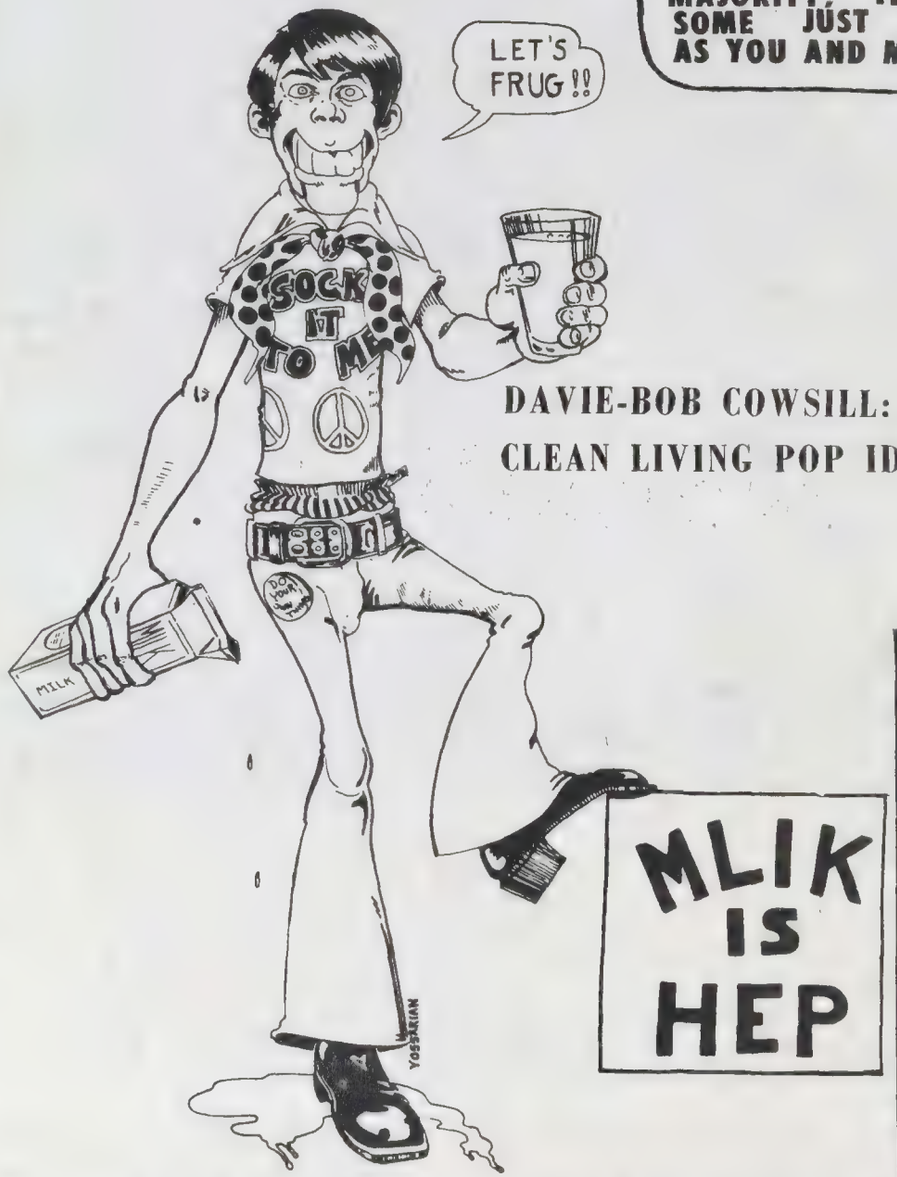


for Kim, Tuna
and especially Casey

Yossarian

ART LINKLETTER'S 'HOW TO TELL A HIPPIE' PAGE

GOOD HIPPIE



MLIK IS HEP

Although he talks funny, with words like 'crazy' and 'bop-a-re-bop', this Good Hippie is one of Us. His hair, although long, is clean, and he always wears a big Howdy Doody smile. If you have a Good Hippie in your school, invite him to church sometime; that would be a good deed. Get to him quick, because a Good Hippie always grows up just like the rest of Us.

MOST PEOPLE THINK THAT HIPPIES ARE BAD. WHILE THIS IS TRUE OF THE VAST MAJORITY; THERE ARE SOME JUST AS GOOD AS YOU AND ME.



DAVIE-BOB COWSILL:
CLEAN LIVING POP IDOL

ART LINKLETTER
SPACE AGE TEEN GURU

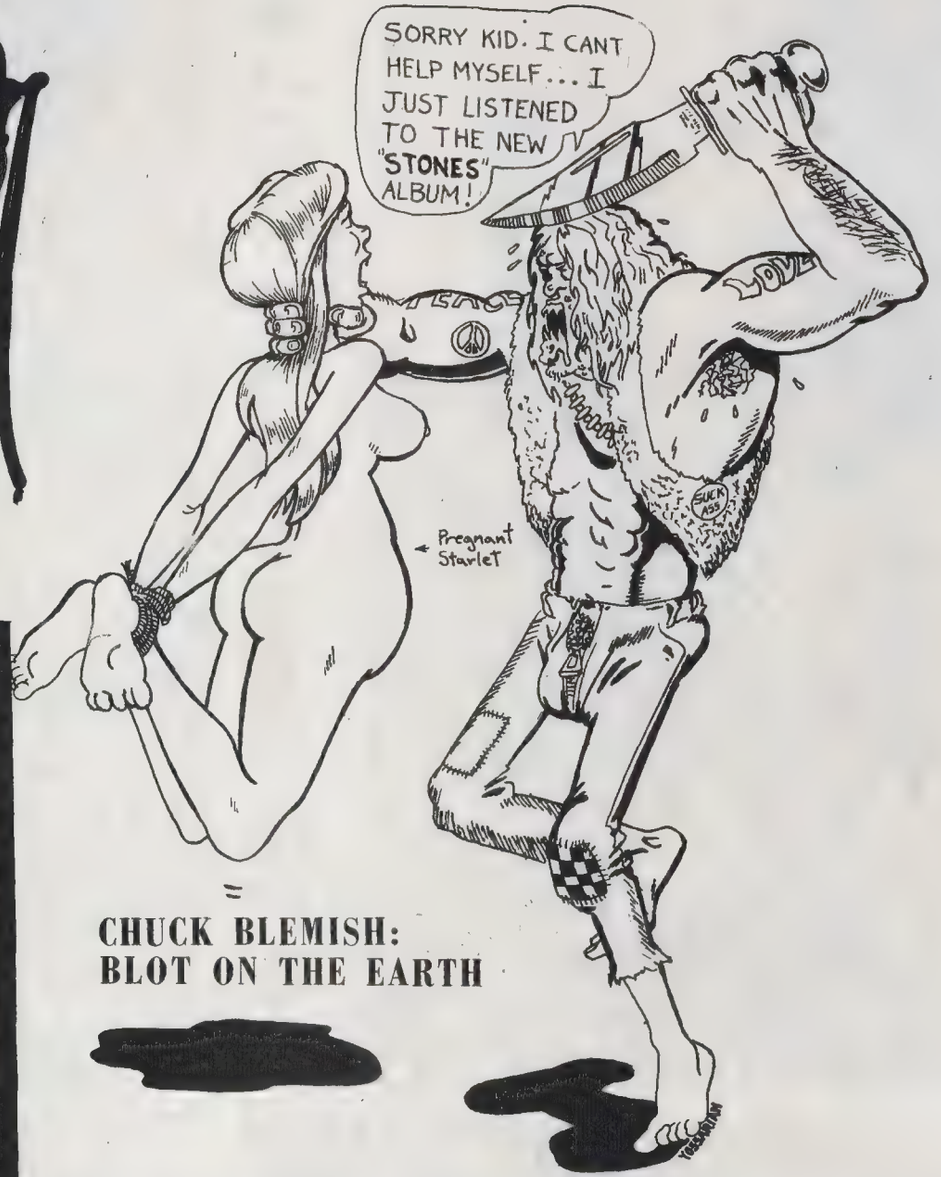
'Old Folk's'
Understand Your Kids!!

Real Jake—	quite proper
Horse—	heroin
Hophead—	drug addict
Coon—	jigaboo
Duck's Ass—	hippie haircut
Copasetic—	copasetic
Wheels—	car
Shiv—	knife

Art Linkletter is a registered trademark [illegible] and bears no relation to any person living or dead

A
Latimer & Yossarian
Production

BAD HIPPIE



=

CHUCK BLEMISH:
BLOT ON THE EARTH

He does not take baths, rather he takes narcotic dopes that make him do horrible things. When Bad Hippie girls take dopes, they jump out of windows; when Bad Hippie boys take dope they cut people up with knives. They live in sin. A Bad Hippie always wears his hair below his ears and bare feet that stink. They 'shoot' dopes called 'reefers', and listen to colored people's music. This Bad Hippie is not one of Us.


COMRADE SOLZHENITSYN LIKES OUR FINE JAMAICAN?
ALEXANDER WOULD LIKE PYEHTZA PIE?
SUCK
GLOSSARIAN

SHUT UP AND DEAL



Dope. To some, it's the holy sacrament for getting high. To others, dope is also a commodity, a stack of chips in the exhilarating lifegame of the Seventies, a contest of chance-and-skill where winners retire to ranches in the Yucatan and losers end up in the slam. For real.

The Dealer. We all know him: the guy with the National rent-a-truck in his driveway who takes long vacations with scads of expensive luggage, only to return the next day without a tan. To the outsider, this happy stiff (who always has the most nubile 16-year-old wheeling his Mercedes 280 SL) lives the life of Riley. Never works, always has plenty of money and excitement, not to mention the best dope.

(continued on next page)

LOSS ARIAN

FASCIST FOLKES

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH



talked to was Donald Warnell
asked him what he felt about th
state of the economy.

"Negative."

"How bad does it seem t
you?" I asked.

"I don't know, I usuall




HAIL!
WEBERMAN KEEP THE FUCK OUTA' MY GOD DAMN GARBAGE !!
YOSSARIAN



WARNING TO POT SMOKERS

ANTIMATTER





QUESTION: I have a problem which is embarrassing and troublesome to me. A few weeks ago, I balled for the first time (incidentally, I'm a girl) and bled an awful lot.

I would like to know: Is bleeding just because it was the first time? Or is there something wrong with me?

If not, could you tell me how to stop the bleeding? I'm sort of doubtful about doing it again until I have an answer.

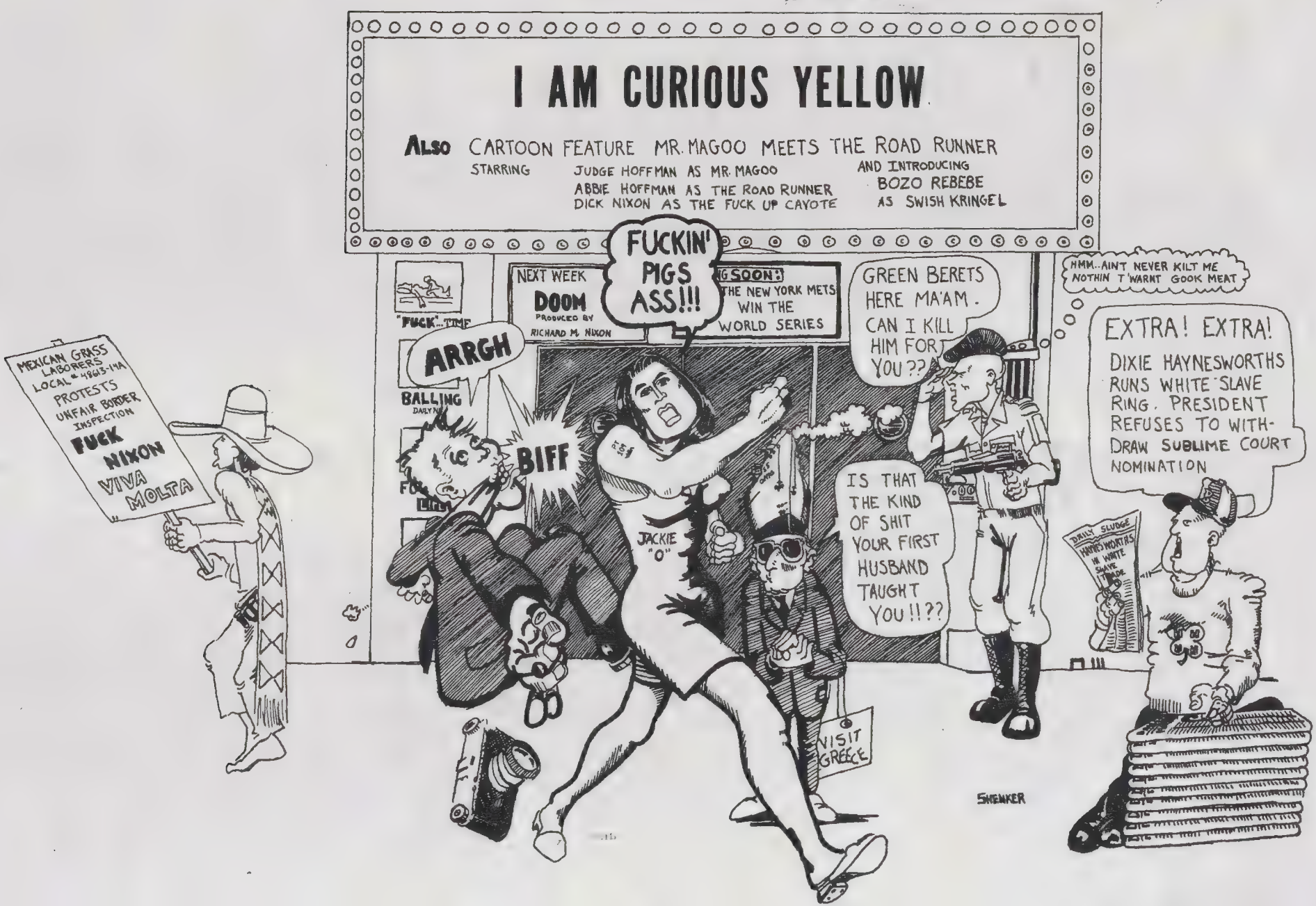
ANSWER: There's no doubt at all you should learn more about your own body, and soon. Bleeding is normal in a female the first few times she has sexual intercourse. The cause is tearing or stretching of the hymen, a tissue membrane nearly covering the entrance to the vagina (small perforations in the hymen permit the passage of the menstrual flow).

Many girls are free of bleeding and pain even the first time they have sexual intercourse. Their hymens may have been stretched or torn by exercise or childhood accidents. Some women, though, have hymenal tissue so tough that minor surgery is required before normal relations can begin.

You should soon have a thorough pelvic examination and discussion with a physician about ways to prevent pregnancy. If you can't afford a private physician contact the nearest Planned Parenthood office. (see attached list of neighborhood offices)

***QUESTION: Are there any medical reasons against having sexual intercourse during menstruation?*ANSWER: There are no known medical reasons against having sexual intercourse**

SHENKER


I AM CURIOUS YELLOW
ALSO CARTOON FEATURE MR. MAGOO MEETS THE ROAD RUNNER
STARRING JUDGE HOFFMAN AS MR. MAGOO
ABBIE HOFFMAN AS THE ROAD RUNNER
DICK NIXON AS THE FUCK UP CAYOTE
AND INTRODUCING BOZO REBEBE AS SWISH KRINGEL
MEXICAN GRASS LABORERS LOCAL # 1963-1/4A PROTESTS UNFAIR BORDER INSPECTION
FUCK NIXON
VIVA MOLTA
"FUCK"...TIME
NEXT WEEK DOOM PRODUCED BY RICHARD M. NIXON
SOON: THE NEW YORK METS WIN THE WORLD SERIES
FUCKIN' PIGS ASS!!!
ARRGH
BIFF
BALLING
JACKIE "O"
GREEN BERETS HERE MA'AM. CAN I KILL HIM FOR YOU??
IS THAT THE KIND OF SHIT YOUR FIRST HUSBAND TAUGHT YOU!!??
VISIT GREECE
HMM...AINT NEVER KILT ME NOTHIN T'WARNT GOOK MEAT
EXTRA! EXTRA!
DIXIE HAYNESWORTHS RUNS WHITE SLAVE RING. PRESIDENT REFUSES TO WITH-DRAW SUBLIME COURT NOMINATION
DAILY SLUDGE
SHENKER



SOUTH KOREAN HIGH SCHOOL | Quebec, Montreal and Otta

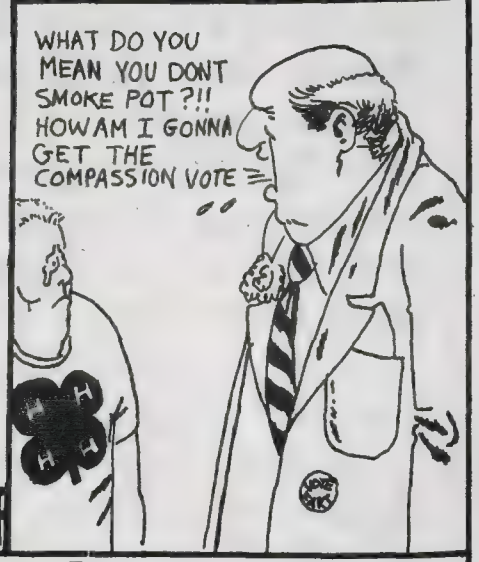

ABBIE HOFFMAN
IS A DUMMY
JERRY RUBIN
IS A
DAMN COMMIE
YOSSARIAN

Nitrogen in the soil is vital to



power to the people!

F THE WEAK...NEWS OF THE WEAK...NEWS OF THE WE



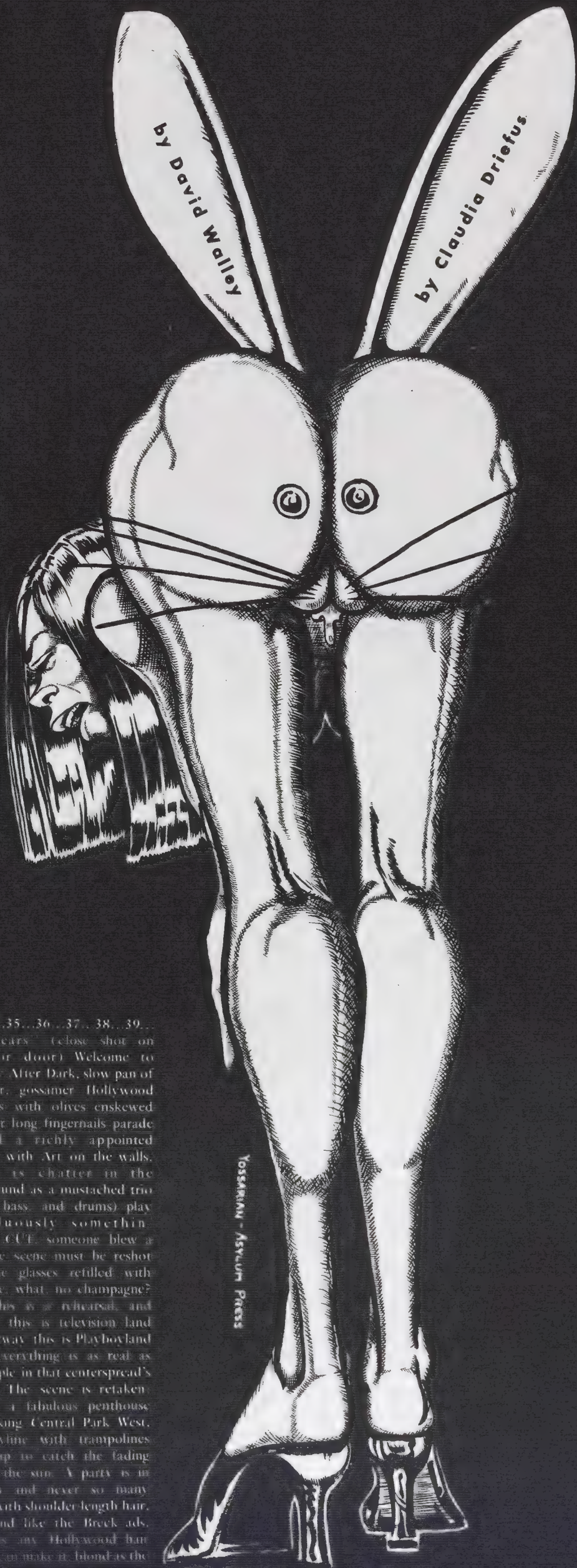


*A TIP OF THE HAT TO JOSEPH HELLER

Playboy Bunnyvision

by David Plaid Walley

by Claudia Driefus



'34...35...36...37...38...39... Bunnyears (close shot on elevator door) Welcome to Playboy After Dark, slow pan of interior, gossamer Hollywood wenches with olives enskewed on their long fingernails parade around a richly appointed interior with Art on the walls. There is chatter in the background as a mustached trio (guitar bass and drums) play mellifluously somethin sweet. CUT. someone blew a cue, the scene must be reshot and the glasses refilled with gingerale, what, no champagne? Well, this is a rehearsal, and anyway this is television land and anyway this is Playboyland where everything is as real as that staple in that centerspread's middle. The scene is retaken imagine a fabulous penthouse overlooking Central Park West, city skyline with trampolines rigged up to catch the fading rays of the sun. A party is in progress and never so many blonds with shoulder-length hair, but blond like the Breck ads, blond as any Hollywood hair colorer can make it, blond as the

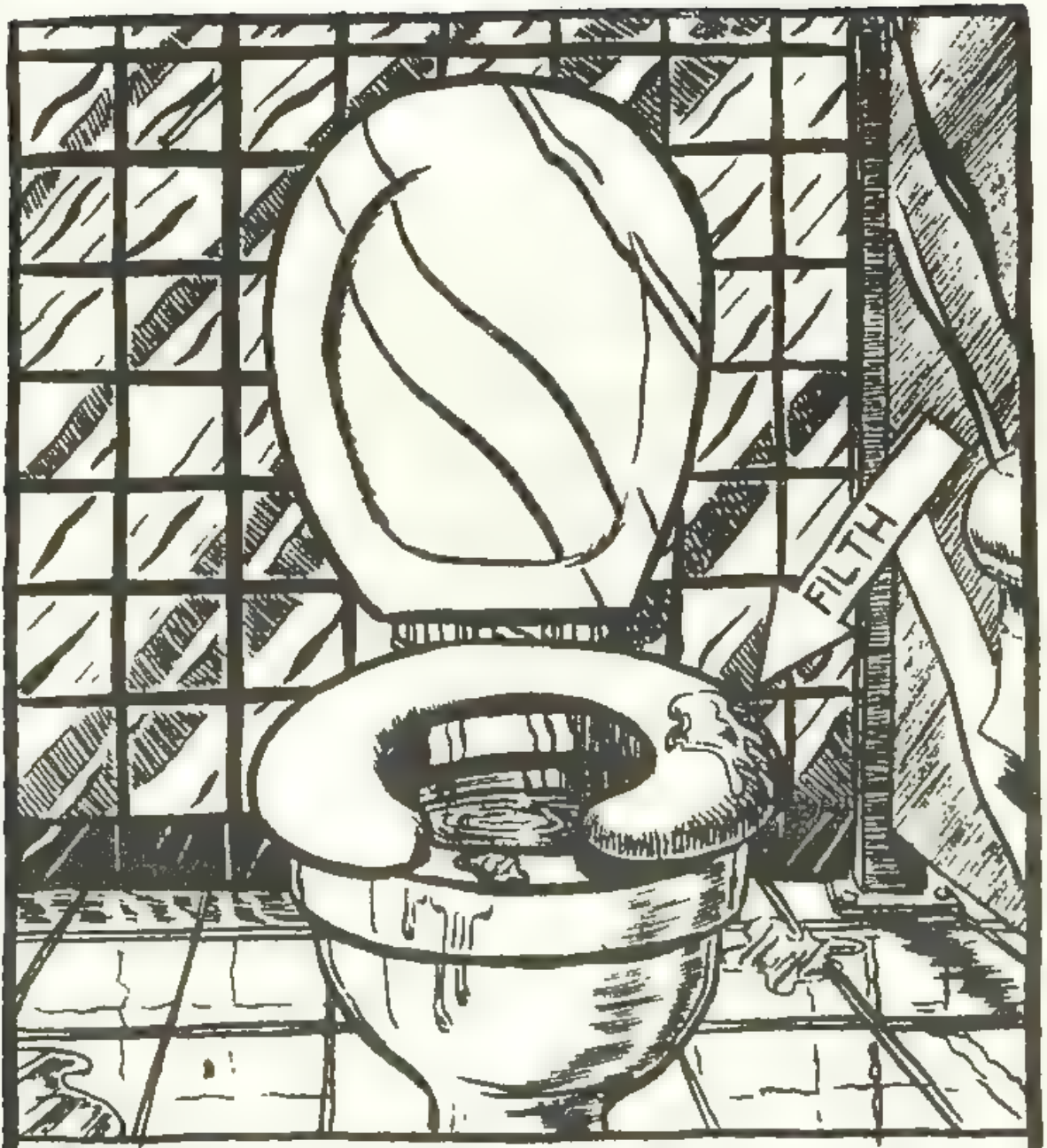
Yossarian - Asylum Press


... IN THE FINE TRADITIONS OF WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, LINCOLN AND ER OF COURSE GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER....
AND THE DODGERS BEAT THE METS 67 TO 66 IN THE 53rd INNING
FINANCE COMPANY
MAN YOUR A DRAG. DIG IT YOUR OLD.
DAILY NEWS
HIPPIE COMMIE KILLS STARLET
WHY YOU DIRTY OLD MAN
GEE HARRY WE DID IT JUST LAST WEEK... BESIDES IM ON THE RAG AN I GOT A MIGRAIN.
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SOME THINGS TO KEEP IN MIND WHILE MAKING BOMBS, READING YOUR

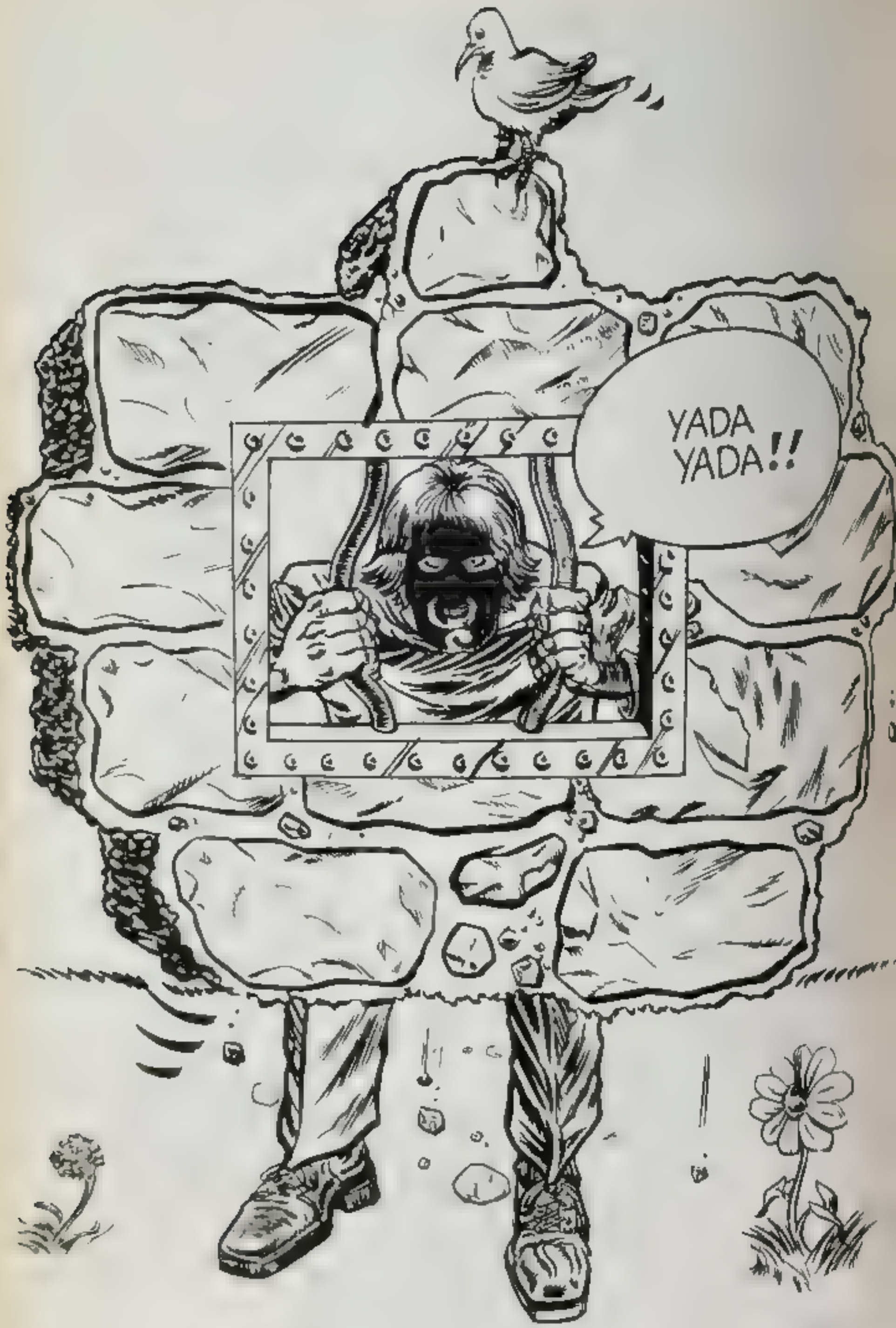
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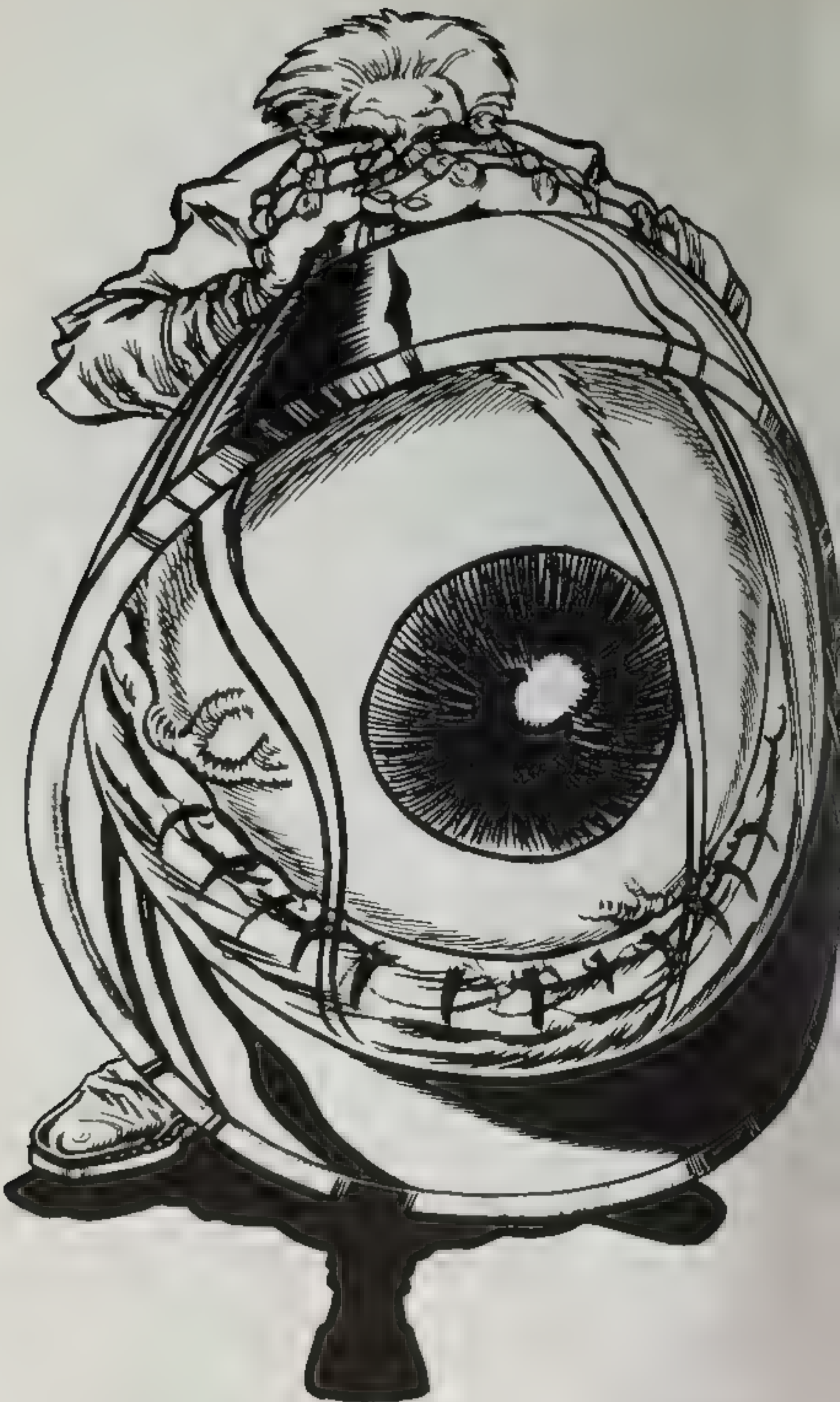
95% OF ALL FATAL SYPHILIS IS CONTRACTED FROM PUBLIC TOILETS

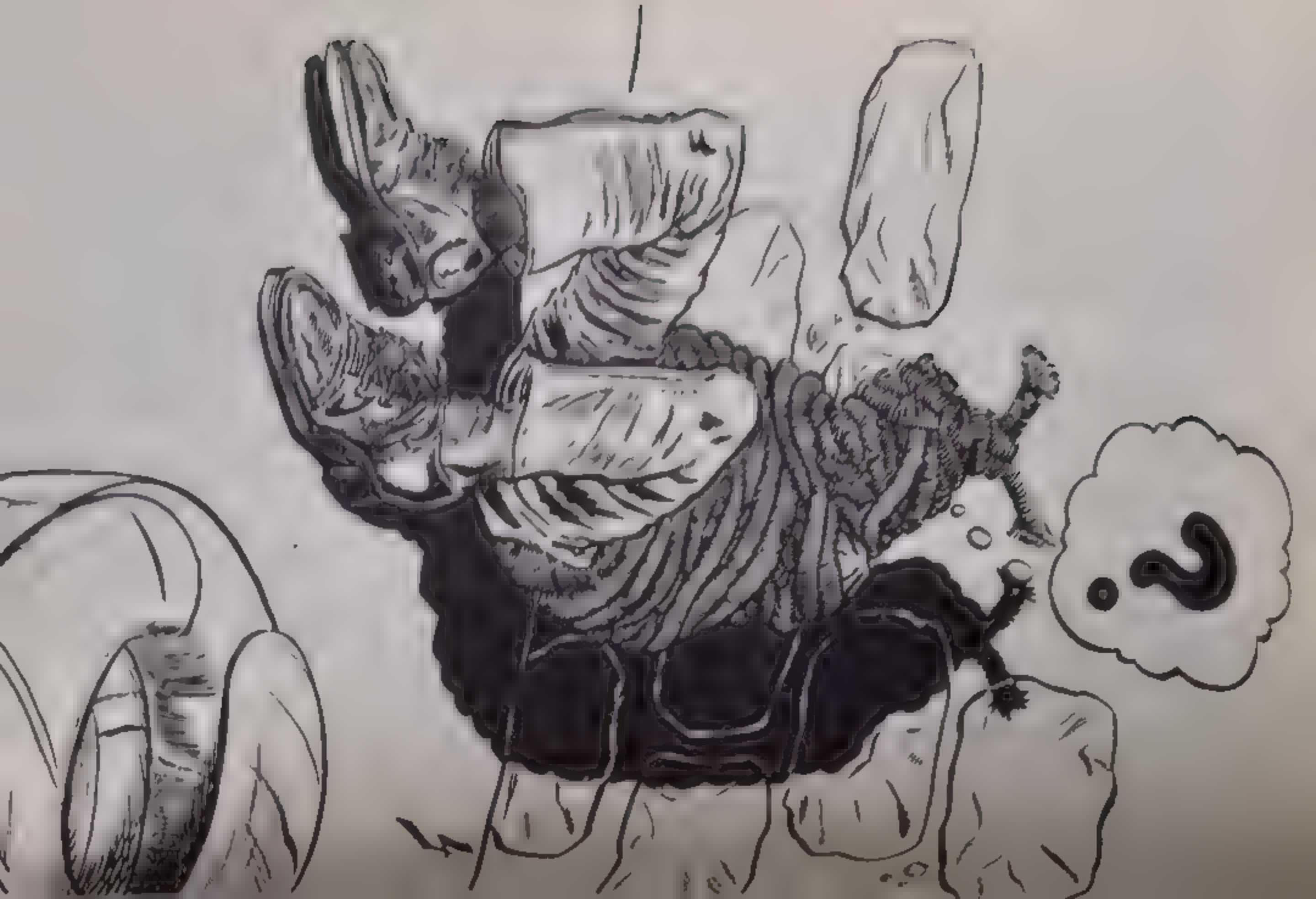
DON'T LET THOSE COMMIES TELL YOU ANY DIFFERENT!

yossarian


YADA
YADA!!






.د


GODDAMMIT!

THIS CATACLYSM BROUGHT TO YOU

BY Coca-Cola®





IMPRESSIONS FROM (Being an officer at a rear-
occasionally be made palatable
all ranks are better educated and

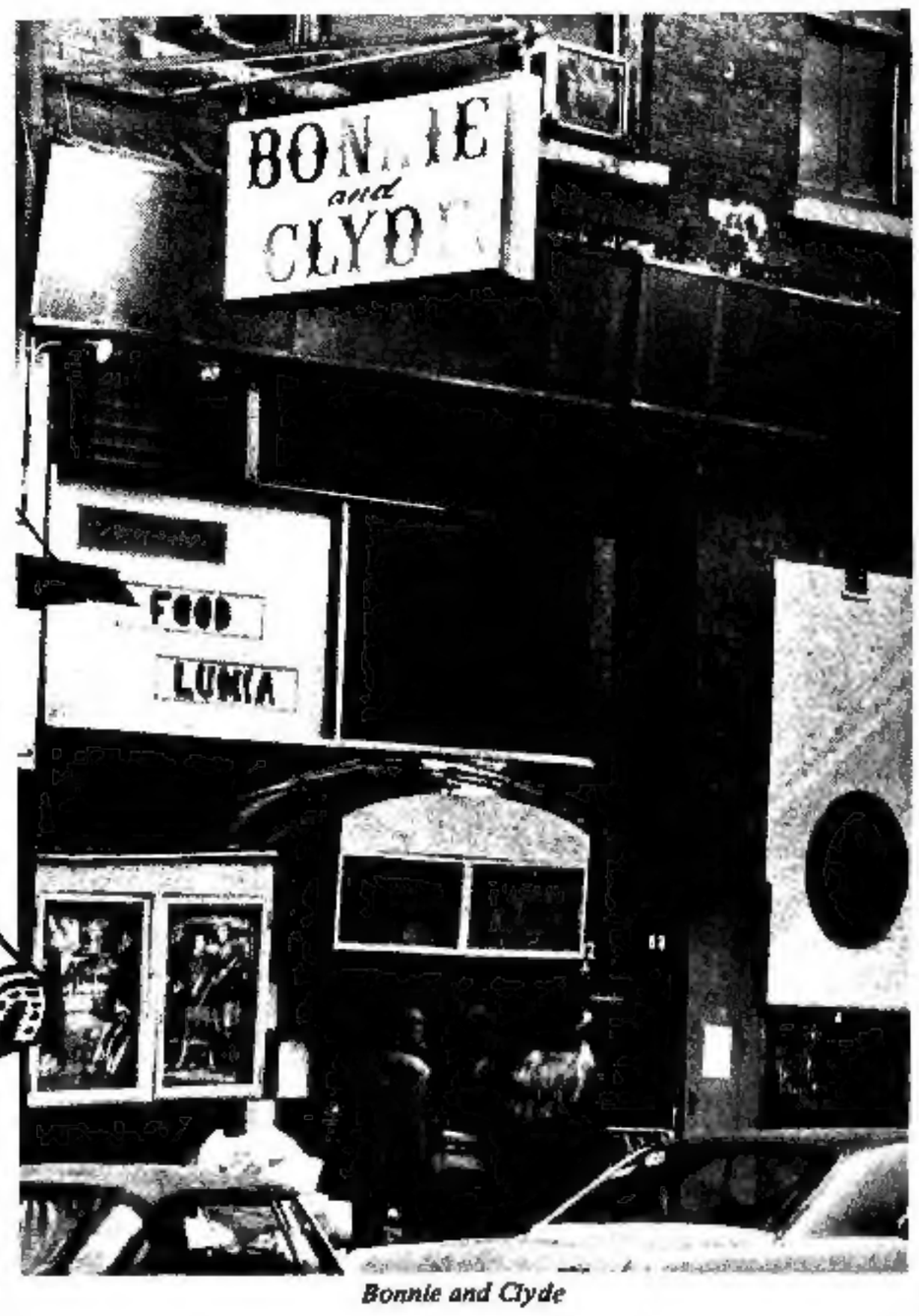
COME DE REVOLUTION™ #1





A Visit to a Dyke Bar: THE TWILIGHT WORLD OF LESBIAN LOVE

In the heart of Greenwich Village, the bastion of unlim ited phenomena, on the corner of West 3rd and Thomp son Streets, sits Bonnie and Clyde's. Late at night the girls can be seen in great numbers stumbling out of the place, causing passersby to raise brows here and there. "Dykes!" someone cackles from within the fire department next door, but the girls pay no mind. They have just come out of the biggest god-damn bar scene in town —all of the patrons women, all the women gay—and no asshole fireman is about to disturb the equilibrium over where these things are at in 1973. Gay women's bars are popping up all over the city with Bonnie and Clyde's taking the lead in a policy of NO MEN ALLOWED. Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St., Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and Seventh Ave. South, and the Lib, 305 E. 45th St., are some other social spots popular with the sisters. GAY, SCREW's other publication, offers a complete directory of bars for gay women and men in every issue, with a description of each place. Dykes? "You bet your ass," one of the gals swiftly retorts into the firehouse. Into this newly-founded closed society, SCREW sent reporte Lynda Crawford to mingle awhile with the sisters and view this NO-MAN'S LAND first hand. What follows is her report. (Please note: the names of the patrons have been changed out of courtesy.)



Bonnie and Clyde

Photo: Susan Boehike/Illustrations: Yossarian